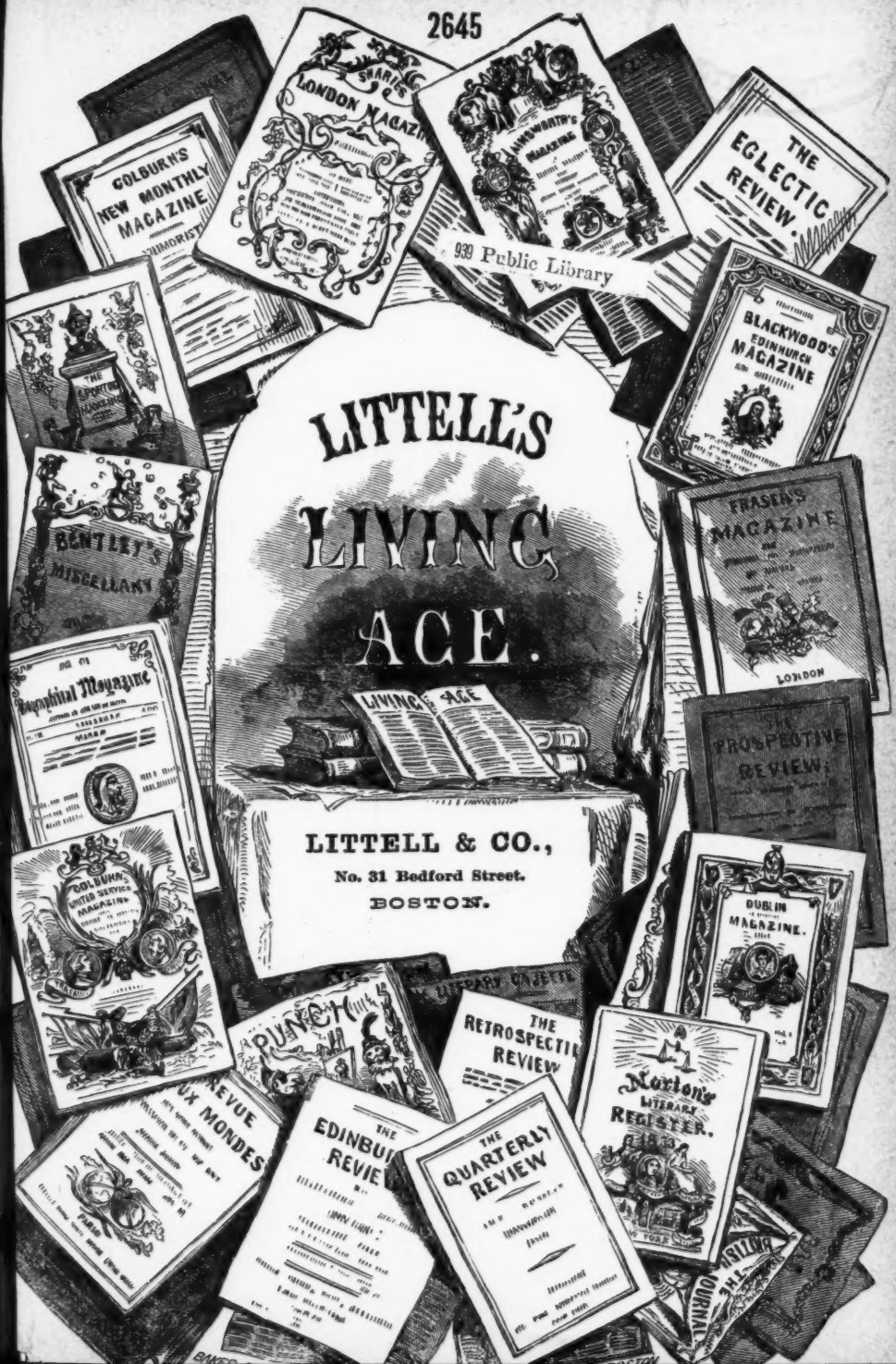


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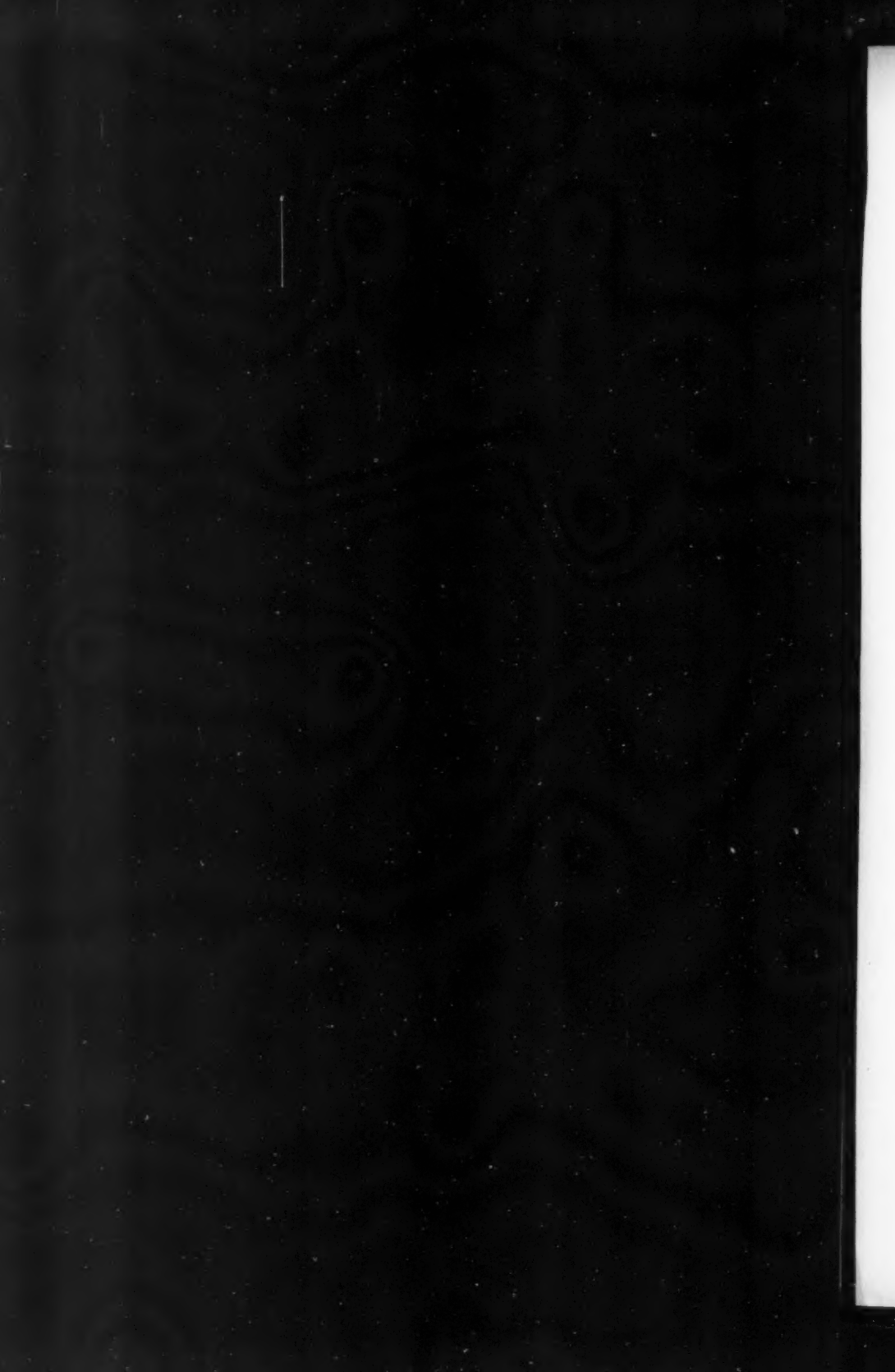
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Sixth Series, }  
Volume V.

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## THE OTHER ROOM.

THIS pleasant room, you say, holds all I need ;  
 Here are my books, my plants, my pictures ; friends  
 Are round my hearth. Before my eyes recede  
 Through the broad casement, river, hill, and mead ;  
 And better still, at evening there ascends  
 Twilight's one star, made to console the gloom.  
 There's the door where one enters ; here, the fire ;  
 What more could mortal ask or heart desire ?  
 And there, the portal of the other room.

The life I lead is fair, yet here and there  
 Its very sweetness wakes a secret pain  
 For some remembered friends who unaware  
 Stole through that door, and left this vacant chair,  
 That book unread, unsung that well-known strain.  
 The door is closed upon their still retreat.  
 I call, I listen, but have never known  
 The far-off whisper of an answering tone,  
 Nor any sound of their returning feet.

Beyond that door, how dream I that they fare,  
 What life for them the heart left here foresees ?  
 Whether through other windows they may share  
 My view of hill and stream, and everywhere  
 Set round them books and pictures like to these—  
 Sing songs like mine, and tend their rose in bloom—  
 Whether for them as well, when day is done,  
 If there be any setting of their sun,  
 My one star charms the twilight of their room.

Surely with purer hearts and clearer eyes,  
 Linked with the old life, but with ampler aims,  
 Fuller achievement—the old joys they prize  
 For joy's sole purpose—that the life should rise  
 Beyond the touch of any earthly shames.  
 All wisdom there translated into deeds—  
 All beauty there traced further to its source,

My life in theirs pursues its intercourse,  
 And theirs in mine still answers to my needs.

When I have finished here my days' routine,  
 For me that door shall open. May I stand  
 Not trembling, as the larger light serene,  
 With its fresh splendors seen and unforeseen,  
 Strikes me upon that threshold. May my hand  
 Find near a hand that held it in the gloom,  
 A voice that speaks in a remembered tone,  
 So leave this humble parlor of my own  
 For the broad peace of that with-drawing room.

E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

Chambers' Journal.

## THE CAGED THRUSH.

ALAS for the bird who was born to sing !  
 They have made him a cage ; they have clipped his wing ;  
 They have shut him up in a dingy street,  
 And they praise his singing and call it sweet.  
 But his heart and his song are saddened and filled  
 With the woods, and the nest he never will build,  
 And the wild young dawn coming into the tree,  
 And the mate that never his mate will be,  
 And day by day, when his notes are heard,  
 They freshen the street—but alas for the bird !

Academy.

R. F. MURRAY.

## NEVICA !

A SINGLE lark to the immense white fall  
 That hung above the earth, embracing all,  
 Sang forth his song, the first song of the year.

As the white gloom grew dark, began the fall

Of silent snow that lasted all night long,  
 And when the morning came they found among

The soft, deep snow, the body of the lark,  
 Quite stiff and dead. But he had sung his song.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

Rovato.

Academy.

From Temple Bar.

ERASMUS AND THE REFORMATION.

WHEN Lord Salisbury appointed Mr. Froude to be Professor Freeman's successor at Oxford, there were certain writers in the press who affected to treat the appointment as an insult or a joke. By this time probably they have come to see that to send the most distinguished man who in our time has made history his life-work to fill the greatest chair of history in the English world was not, after all, so very unreasonable. Not that Mr. Froude was merely a man of great ability, who happened to work at history. On the contrary, he was a born historian. Few men have ever received from nature a fuller measure of one of the gifts most essential to a great writer of history, the rare narrative gift, which makes his pages so full everywhere of movement, and color, and life. And, if he was a great artist by birthright, he knew how to make himself also a great discoverer. Only historical specialists can claim to judge this part of his work; but the value of his laborious researches among the Spanish archives, opening out, as they did, almost a new world for students of English history in the sixteenth century, has been universally recognized. Still, no doubt, considering Mr. Froude's age, it was the man of genius, rather than the student, whom Lord Salisbury had in his mind when he made the appointment. Part, at least, of a professor's business is to arouse interest in his own branch of study, and for that purpose it is something to have a man who could not be uninteresting if he tried. Two distinguished historical students had held the chair before him; and there were others who could fill it after him; surely it would have been a mistake to miss the opportunity of filling the necessarily short interval with a man who was not only a student and a historian, but also a name and a force in English letters.

And now his death has come to show how very short that interval was to be; and there is only one feeling about it among those who care either for his-

tory or for literature. There is, I suppose, only one other man of letters, and certainly no other historian, whose death would have caused so real and widespread a sense of loss. And his one living rival as a master of English has long ceased to write, while Mr. Froude published his last, and not least vigorous, volume only the other day. Indeed, it seems that his illness was originally caused by overwork in connection with its production.

He had held the professorship less than three years, but had had time to completely refute those who had met his name with prophecies of failure. He is said to have proved an admirable head of his faculty, and of course his lectures attracted large audiences. But these were services of which only Oxford could reap the benefit. The outside world will rather remember that he distinguished his two years' tenure of the chair by the publication, first, of the brilliant lectures on English seamen, which have appeared from time to time in *Longman's Magazine*, and then of last year's lectures on Erasmus, which were issued in the autumn as a book. Neither the one course, nor the other, adds much perhaps to already existing knowledge; but there must be room by the side of the book which interprets and publishes new material for that other sort of book which brings new light and new life to the old. And both show that Mr. Froude retained this latter power, which was indeed his special gift, up to the very end. There is all the old vigor and mastery of style; the strong convictions do not fail of the old trenchant and almost defiant expression; and the keen interest he takes in his subjects, which always made his work so fascinating, is as evident as ever, making us feel as if his own life and personality were bubbling up from every page. It is curious that he should have gone back in his last book to Erasmus, an old subject with him; and one can only be glad that he was able to finish a piece of work so admirable in itself, and so thoroughly congenial to his tastes and temperament.

It is to be hoped that the new book may revive something of the old interest in Erasmus. Few men have enjoyed greater reputation in life, and few reputations have lived longer. Among the people who wrote to him to ask for his advice or his society are four or five successive popes, the Emperor Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I., an immense number of German princes great and small, and cardinals, bishops, and abbots innumerable. He was more than once offered a bishopric and once at least a cardinal's hat. And he was consulted by Luther and Melancthon as well as by cardinals and popes. Kings contended for his presence at their courts, almost as in old days Irish tribes fought for a manuscript of the Gospels, or Pisa and Amalfi for the famous copy of Justinian. His paraphrase of the New Testament was placed in every English church, and his "Colloquies" remained text-books in the schools for two hundred years. And who was this man whose words all Europe held its breath to hear? Only a learned man; a mere scholar, nothing more. There is nothing quite like it in all the history of scholarship. What is the explanation?

We shall find it, probably, where the explanation of most of human history is to be found: in the inter-working of personality and environment; in the co-operation of that obscure collection of qualities, never alike in any two men, a standing miracle which no science can explain, — call it self, character, personality, what you will — with the circumstances in which it finds itself. Very often a man finds himself in circumstances with which his nature cannot co-operate; and then the probability is that not much history will come of the conjunction. It is when the hour and the man arrive together that great results are produced. And never were they in more complete conjunction than in the case of Erasmus; and the results were correspondingly curious and important.

I said just now that it was extraordinary that a "mere scholar" should

attract the attention Erasmus attracted. But perhaps that was hardly a true statement of the case. No one ever had more of the scholar's temperament than Erasmus, but a mere scholar he never was. He lived and died in his study, and no promises of honor or office could tempt him to leave it; but there were windows all round it, and his keen eye was forever passing through them on its travels over Europe, east and west, and north and south. His was not the temperament of a recluse who can sit in a corner of his study, all absorbed in the task he has set himself, and pay no more heed to the convulsions of empires or churches outside than if they were the quarrels of children. All the political and, still more, all the ecclesiastical questions of his time are of burning interest to Erasmus; and they appear strangely enough, as it seems to us, in every page of his works, not only in the "Colloquies" and the "Praise of Folly," but in his notes on Greek proverbs or texts of the Bible. He smites the abuses of Church and State, not only with all the sharp arrows of his wit, but also with a fiery eloquence born of real and deep enthusiasm. It is the combination in him of hard work, high purpose, the most intense conviction and the most unaffected and genuine goodness, with qualities too rarely found in such company — overflowing humor, a large humanity, and a willing tolerance of the views of opponents — which makes every one who reads his books or letters come near to loving him.

This was the man then. Of the scholar nothing need be said. Such a man at such a moment might well attain a unique position. The tide of enthusiasm for the new learning was at the full. It had hardly risen beyond the Alps in the fifteenth century, but now it was covering Europe, and there was no scholar outside Italy who could make any pretence of being the rival of Erasmus. Much of the new love of letters, which was growing up in England and Germany and the Low Countries, was his own creation. He had

lived at Oxford and Louvain and Basle, and had taught at Paris and Cambridge, and everywhere he had left his spirit behind him. And that spirit was something absolutely new. There had been dim foretastes of it perhaps in men like Pico della Mirandola, but as a whole, and as exhibiting itself on the wide European stage, it was an entirely new thing. Erasmus was the first to unite the culture of Italy with the earnestness of the North.

No one would now think of inviting a Dutch scholar to be a sort of arbiter of faith and morals to all Europe. Yet that, or something very like it, is what Erasmus was over and over again asked to be by members of all parties during the last twenty years of his life. It is difficult for us to conceive such a thing, but that is because it is difficult for us to realize the hopes that were placed in the new learning in the first half of the sixteenth century. The world had passed from darkness into light, and the light seemed to it by contrast far brighter than it really was. The key of all mysteries, the solution of all difficulties, old and new, was to be found in books; in the new-found wisdom of Greeks and Romans, in the return to the fathers and the primitive Church. And we forget also that Europe was one body corporate in the time of Erasmus, in a way—in more than one way indeed—in which it will never be so again. There was only one church then, and a traveller who passed from England to Germany or Italy found everywhere the very same service with which he was familiar in his Yorkshire or Devonshire home. That was one thing which made it possible for German reformers and Italian bishops to look to a single scholar to heal their differences. No one could yet contemplate the idea of a permanent schism without horror; all alike still clung to the august conception of Catholic unity. The right of private judgment was hardly heard of; at present all, even Henry VIII. and Luther, were ready to submit their innovations to the decision of a general council;

or, failing that, to the judgment of pious and learned men. Authority was in fact still recognized as the principle of faith. And here was a man of unrivalled learning, of known piety and equally known moderation; a scholar who had deliberately devoted himself to sacred letters in preference to profane, and whose books were at once the delight of prelates and the favorite study of the reformers; must it not have seemed as if such a man were sent by God to heal the divisions of the Church?

And there was one thing more. Europe was then united, not only in the possession of a single Church, indivisible and universal, not only in a common enthusiasm for the new found learning, and a common faith in the splendid future it was to bring to birth, but also, one may almost say, by the strongest of all bonds, the bond of language. The whole of the educated class could not merely read Latin, but could write and speak it. The growth in every country of the spirit of national or local patriotism, which the last three centuries have witnessed, the gradual decay of the old conception of the nations of Europe as one body under its natural head the emperor, and the complete destruction of the sister conception of the whole Church as one family under one holy father, have done a great deal to break up Europe into a number of isolated fragments; but the growth of the modern languages has done almost as much.

Then not only all the learned, but all the educated, were familiar with Latin. Whoever read, indeed, must read Latin; for there was little else to read. Theology, history, philosophy, all were in Latin. The national literatures were only in their cradles. Nearly a century after the time of Erasmus, Bacon deliberately buried his greater works in Latin in the hope of securing his fame; and even Milton chose Latin as the vehicle of some of the best of his early poetry, and did not abandon it without hesitation. To Erasmus it was everything; the language of his tongue as well as of



his pen. He travelled everywhere, in Italy, France, England, Germany, but he certainly knew no English or German, and apparently made his Latin carry him through wherever he went. And whatever difficulties of language he found with innkeepers, and servants, and officers of customs, he found none among the clergy or the nobles, at whose houses his introductions made him everywhere welcome.

This Latin unity, as we may call it, was a powerful factor in the position of Erasmus. The great Church question interested the educated everywhere, and they everywhere spoke and read Latin. It was natural that they should look with one accord for guidance to the man who was at once the greatest scholar and the most famous theologian of the age. The new love of learning, the old respect for authority, the patronage of popes, and the friendship of reformers, all pointed to Erasmus; and on all sides it was hoped and expected that he would become the ecclesiastical arbiter of Europe.

All things, except one, did indeed point that way; but that one was something important. It was the character of Erasmus himself. I do not mean the touch of timidity there was in him, which was perhaps only the natural unwillingness of the student to leave his books and plunge into the heated arena of the combatants outside. He felt, no doubt, that in feeding Froben's printing press, he was doing the best work that lay in his power. And he could be brave enough on occasion. Neither fear, nor favor, nor friendship could make him yield to the temptation, which must have been enormous, to publish a condemnation of Luther.

When pressed by Churchmen to help them to stamp out the pest of heresy, he always replied that the only way to do that was for the Church to set her house in order. The difficulty was not a want of courage, but of conviction. He agreed with neither party. He could not go all the way with the bishops, lest he "might be found fighting against the Spirit of God." He could not go all the way with Luther, because

nothing could tempt him "to lay hands on the mother who washed me at the font, fed me with the word of God, and quickened me with the sacraments." The invocation of saints, he saw, and was not afraid to say, had become too often an idolatrous cult, the mass a vain repetition, confession "an instrument of priestly villainy;" but he was for reform, not for revolution; he will "bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion;" "if the worst comes, and the Church is divided, he will stand on the rock of Peter, till peace returns."

Both parties thought that he was secretly on their side, and both were angry that he would not declare himself. The truth was that he was not on either side. No Lutheran cared more than he did for practical reform; no Catholic had a deeper horror of a schism. But he had a hope and a policy of his own which separated him from both parties alike. His policy was one of simplicity and freedom, and he could not declare for the Catholics till they gave some sign of being willing to take off the fetters in which they had so long bound the human mind and conscience, nor for the Lutherans while they showed only too plainly that they only took off the old in order to lay on new. Doctrine for doctrine, if doctrine there must be on such obscure questions as the real presence, or the freedom of the will, he preferred the solemn declarations of the universal Church to the casual utterances of irresponsible reformers.

His own prescription for the diseases of Christendom was to "reduce the articles of faith to the fewest and simplest."

May not a man be a Christian who cannot explain philosophically how the nativity of the Son differs from the procession of the Holy Spirit? The sum of religion is peace, and that can only be when definitions are as few as possible and opinion is left free on many points. As articles increase, sincerity vanishes; contention grows hot and charity cold. Then comes the civil power with stake and gallows, and men are forced to profess what they do not

believe, and to say they understand what in fact has no meaning for them. Our present problems are said to be waiting for the next Œcumenical Council. Better let them wait till the veil is removed and we see God face to face.

This is taken from an elaborate letter which he wrote on January 5th, 1522, to the Archbishop of Palermo, and, even if it stood by itself, it would be enough to show that he could not honestly join either party. His position was, in fact, far in advance of that of either. He found himself "shot at from all sides," as he says; but he chose rather to submit to that than to "Give a name to a new schism or to flatter tyrants who parade themselves in the name of Christ."

We now see, or think we see, that some sort of schism was inevitable, and many people are inclined to blame Erasmus for not joining Luther and guiding him. To do so is not merely to ignore the fact that Erasmus differed even more from Luther than he did from the Church; it is to judge him through nineteenth-century spectacles. Even if we can see that a schism was inevitable, it is certain that he could not. And he could and did see the incalculable mischief a schism must produce. When Luther's first utterances appeared, he could laugh at the fury of the clergy and say that Luther's only crime was that he had touched the pope on his crown and the monks on their bellies, but when he came to see that Luther was bent on a breach with the Church, and was turning the mysteries of the faith into a battlefield for the nations, he shrank back, and his tone is almost an anticipation of Goethe's well-known judgment: "Luther threw back the intellectual progress of mankind for centuries by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide questions which ought to have been left to the learned."

What then, it may be asked, would Erasmus himself have done if he had presided over the Reformation?

There is no appearance of his having had the practical capacity which alone

can carry through large changes of that sort. But his general attitude is clear enough, and it is easy to see the turn things might have taken if pope and princes could have united, as was so often proposed, to carry out a reformation under his guidance. It is certain, for instance, that if Europe would have listened to Erasmus there would have been no schism; and it is equally certain that things would not have been left as they were. Probably some such compromise would have been arrived at as was actually reached in England. The things which Erasmus most disliked in the old system were the abuses of monasticism, the temporal power of the clergy, the vain repetition of masses, the superstitious invocation of saints, the idle pilgrimages and dirty relics, the gradual conversion of the services of the Church into a mumbling of unintelligible jargon, and the whole scandalous machinery of confession and penance, pardons and indulgences. There is not one of them to which we in England have not laid the axe; in rather more root and branch fashion, perhaps, than Erasmus would have done, but I hardly think he would have shed many tears over the work when it was once well done. And if we have his authority for what we reformed, we have it more fully for what we retained. He certainly was not the man to surrender the safeguard of Episcopacy, or to leave the ancient prayers of saints and fathers, and trust for the daily or weekly service to the extempore wisdom of the officiating minister, or to set aside lightly the customs of centuries, or needlessly abandon the discipline and traditions of the past. So that, on the external and practical side, it is hardly too much to say that the Church as an Erasmian reform would have left it, would have been something not unlike what the English Church actually is. On the inner side, no Church, no doubt, has gone so far as Erasmus would have done. None has yet learnt to apply his prescription: "Opinions as free as possible: definitions as few as possible." None has yet been willing to

see as clearly as he saw "how very dangerous it is to define subjects above human comprehension." Certainly none has dared to say, as frankly as he said, "I have never been a dogmatist; I think the Church has defined many points which might have been left open without hurt to the Faith."

Perhaps even here our own Church is nearer him than any other. It has left many things open, and embraces men of widely different views. And it has tried, more than any other, at least in its better moods and wisest members, not to excommunicate rationalism, to listen to criticism, to welcome new light from whatever source it come. And so we have in England the unique spectacle of the main body of the educated classes being strong supporters of the Church. But Erasmus took up a far bolder position than any Church has taken. "Be stricter about practice, be less strict about profession," was his constant advice.

When he heard talk of converting the Turks, he indignantly asked, "What will the Turks think when they hear about instances and causes formative, about quiddities and relativities, and see our theologians cursing and spitting at each other, the preaching friars crying up St. Thomas, the Minorites their Doctor Seraphicus, the Nominalists and Realists wrangling about the nature of the Second Person of the Trinity, as if Christ was a malignant demon ready to destroy you if you made a mistake about his nature. While our lives remain as depraved as they are now, the Turks will see in us only so many rapacious and licentious vermin. How are we to make the Turks believe in Christ till we show that we believe in him ourselves?"

Not the most ingenious hairsplitting about matters no man understands, not the most punctual performance of traditional austerities and ceremonies, will pass with Erasmus for true religion; he asks nothing and admits nothing but simple faith and holy living. "Who hath required these things at your hands?" asks the great judge of the monks in the "Praise of Folly." "In

vain will they make their idle pleas, one that he has lived only on fish, another that he has never changed his sacred hood; this one that he has lost his voice by continual singing of holy anthems, and that that he has forgotten how to speak in his strict obedience to the vow of silence. Our Saviour will interrupt their excuses and say: 'Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, I know you not; I left you but one precept, of loving one another, and that I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully discharged. I told you plainly in my Gospel that my Father's Kingdom was prepared not for such as should lay claim to it by austerities, prayers, and fastings, but for those only who were true of heart.'"

No doubt language of this sort may be smiled at as enthusiasm by those who realize that in all religions men have always substituted forms and ceremonies for the spiritual life. To go through a round of formalities is so easy; to be born again is so hard. And when the formalities have been performed, a man feels he has bought his freedom; he has paid his price, and, for the rest, he will live as he pleases, as Erasmus says the monks did. The severest austerities occupy after all only a small part of life, and are easy indeed compared to the spirit of St. Paul's "new man" which claims its right to intervene everywhere, and sets its new seal upon the commonest actions of daily life. But if the hope of Erasmus was an enthusiasm, it was one of those that move the world. Ideals can never be translated literally into action, but they brighten and enable the turn which action takes.

The best of the men, both within and without the Church, who were actually doing the work that had to be done, were doing it, in part at least, in the spirit of Erasmus. There were Reformers who like Zwingli never slept without first reading some pages of Erasmus; there were bishops who would not start on a journey without one or other of his books. It was as much owing to him that sincere efforts

were everywhere made on the old lines as well as on the new, to realize something more of the Christian life which the Gospels portray, as it was in spite of him that all were eventually lost in the rising tide of theological passion and fruitless controversy. No one who had an ear for such things could fail to be moved by the eloquent preface to his New Testament, which shows us the spirit in which he worked. "I wish that the weakest woman should read the Gospels, should read the Epistles of Paul. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tediousness of his journey."

The world has its periods of eager expectation, like the beginning of the sixteenth and the end of the eighteenth centuries, when men are looking for new heavens and a new earth; and at such times the voices that seem to herald the opening era—Rousseau it may be, or Mirabeau, or Erasmus—are listened to with a breathless attention, of which cooler generations can form no picture. We cannot measure the influence of the books of Erasmus; vast we know it was, and can only wish it had been greater still. For he was almost alone in his day in recognizing that there are numerous doctrines of the Church about which neither definition nor proof is possible, and that about these things no two thinking men have precisely the same opinions. The only chance of peace, he saw, was to leave such points alone, and devote books and sermons to more fruitful topics; not unity of dogma, but unity of the spirit was in his eyes the only unity possible.

One might call him a Christian Agnostic, if a name of that sort did not seem to suggest a sect or a schism which would have been utterly distasteful to him. To form divisions on such points is precisely what he condemned; his policy was that all should remain loyal to the one Church, united in a common faith in Christ, agreeing to

differ about the rest. But, all thought of schism apart, the two words Christian and Agnostic exactly describe his position. He was a Christian, for no one ever had a more genuine faith in Christ; but he was also an Agnostic, for many of the mysteries which, owing very often to the pressure of heretics forcing definition, had been made part of the faith, were to him things in their very nature incapable of being known. The reality of both these sides of him cannot be too strongly insisted upon. There are few men whose religion is more evidently sincere, more actually a force in daily life, than his; but he had none of the hardness and narrowness which so often go with piety; "his nature," as Mark Pattison said, "was one to which partisanship was an impossibility." Not only does he "venerate and adore Christian piety, in whatever garb it may appear, whatever frock it may put on, black or white, linen or woollen, provided only it be genuine;" he goes a great deal further. His toleration does not stop at those whom the world calls Christians. Far in advance of his age, he is not only the most broad-minded of men in his judgment of all who can be brought, in one way or another, within the pale of Christianity; wide as is that pale, his tolerance, his sympathy, one may almost say his creed, travel far beyond it.

He is a humanist, and wherever he finds a genuine utterance of the human soul, his hand is at once stretched out to welcome it, not in any spirit of patronage, but in that of reverence and love. We find him using language which makes men of our own time think of the great teacher whom we lost last year. "Perhaps the Spirit of Christ," he says in one of the "Colloquies"—and the voice seems almost to come from the pulpit of Balliol Chapel—"is more widely diffused than we are accustomed to suppose; and there are more saints than we have in our catalogue. For myself, I confess I never read 'Cicero on Old Age or Friendship,' without pausing now and then to kiss the book, and pay homage to

that holy soul whom God's Spirit has so manifestly possessed." And a little further on he quotes the words used by Socrates in the "Crito," just before he drank the poison: "Whether I shall be approved or not in the sight of God, I cannot tell; but of this I am certain that I have most affectionately endeavored to please him; and I have a good hope that he will accept of my endeavors;" and he tells us that when he reads such things he can scarcely restrain himself from crying out: "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis."

And the man who used language of this sort was no mere pietist, it must be remembered. Rather he is admitted by so uncompromising a Rationalist as Mark Pattison, to have been "the first and most complete exemplar of the principle that reason is the one and only guide to life." He cared intensely for religion, but it must be a religion such as reason could approve. His spirit is really the embodiment of our own collegiate prayer which asks that "true religion and sound learning may forever flourish."

Naturally, such a man, dying at such a moment, must have almost despaired of the future of the world. His death took place at Basle, in July, 1536. It was just twenty years since he had issued his New Testament. Then it was possible in a book brought out with the approval of the pope, and dedicated to him, to express doubts as to whether marriage was a sacrament, to make very free criticisms on auricular confession, to attack the celibacy of the clergy, to omit the famous text about the Three Witnesses, and boldly declare of the equally famous one about the Rock of Peter, that it had no exclusive reference to the See of Rome. Then he could fearlessly contrast St. Peter's way of winning victories for the Church with that of Julius II., and St. Peter's lodging in the house of the tanner with the palaces that were barely sufficient for his vicar. In 1516, when he saw copies of his book selling by thousands ("one hundred thousand in France alone," says Mr. Froude, but surely this is

a mistake), he might still hope that reason might reform the world. The Church was smiling on free inquiry, and patronizing the new learning. Men in high places were really anxious for reform. But then next year came Luther and his theses, and year by year the storm grew louder, revolution breaking out on the one side, reaction organizing itself on the other, till the voice of moderation was lost in the tumult, and the probable issue of all must have seemed to Erasmus, not the practical reform he had hoped for, not a simultaneous advance of reason and religion, but a new war of theological barbarians, in which neither side understood so much as its own assertions.

This is how things must have struck him as he left the scene. We may be sure he was not sorry to go. Tortured by gout and stone, abused more violently than ever by the monks, with the Lutherans calling him a coward, and the bishops worrying him to write on their behalf, he could not but be glad to be delivered from it all. Basle had become a Protestant town, so that he had no priest or confessor to attend him in his illness, and enjoyed none of the final consolations of the Church. The monks had long before prophesied in their Ciceronian Latin that he would die *sine lux, sine crux, sine Deus*: and the situation in Basle, or it may be his own private wishes, brought about the fulfilment of two clauses of the graceful and charitable prediction. But the last, at any rate, was not accomplished, for he died crying, "O Jesus, have mercy; Lord, make an end!" and no one who has even a little of his spirit will doubt that that prayer was heard.

Surely he, if ever any man, had earned his rest; and he, more than most men, could thankfully accept it. Any man who has done honest work may justly feel that it is not for him to disquiet himself about results; weary limbs, or weary brains, that have manfully done their best in great things or in small, may honorably as well as gladly accept their discharge. But to



Erasmus was granted the fuller and rarer satisfaction of knowing that it was well not merely with him, but also with his work. That was done, and could not now be undone; the New Testament and the fathers had not been given to the world in vain; and however grave the outlook may have seemed to him as he lay on his death-bed, nothing could rob him of the most precious of consolations, the conviction that he had been not merely an honest but a victorious worker. He more than any man had made the light to shine; and he could die happy in the certainty that whatever other misfortunes might come upon Christianity, that light could never thenceforth be entirely put out; whatever other evil spirits might in the future once more raise their heads, the deadliest of all, the old spirit of darkness and ignorance, had been dealt a blow from which it would never recover while the world lasted.

J. C. BAILEY.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
A CURIOUS LOTTERY.

"THE shades of evening were drawing on when two solitary horsemen were seen riding up a hill"—and two solitary horseboys were seen hanging on to the tails of the noble animals, and running behind, while they flourished sticks to which were attached other horse-tails, employed for the purpose of whisking away the flies.

"Norman," quoth the elder horseman, "did you ever hear, in the descriptions of knights of old, when they issued forth from their castle walls, and took their way on their mettlesome chargers to the gay tournament, that the high-born pages or equerries hung on to the said chargers' tails?"

"No," replied Norman; "for if the chargers had been anything less akin to old cows than our present steeds, the pages would probably have been kicked head over heels at the first onset. But these animals seem to like

it; they would probably feel lonely without it."

"Yes," replied the other; "here in Madeira a horse does not seem expected to go except at a foot-pace. He would be getting ahead of the customs of the country if he did."

They had stopped at a bend of the steep road, and looked back to where, two thousand feet below, lay the sea, gleaming blue like a sapphire in the evening sunshine. The little bay of Funchal seemed almost deserted, except for one ancient hulk and some fishing-boats, which looked like flies in the distance. One or two houses like toys were visible; but the town itself was hidden by the folding hills on each side of the path, which framed that glimpse of sparkling blue in a setting of sombre green, where the firs and eucalyptus clothed the rocks. Above and beyond the eye wandered over mountain and valley, the first all green and golden in the rays of the evening sun, and the last cool, fresh, and dim, the shadows broken by white gleams of rushing water.

The evening breeze rippled the yellow of the corn, which wandered in steps and ledges up the mountain-side, and shook out the long green streamers of the maize, and rustled through the chestnut-trees, lifting the green vines which shaded many a white-walled, high-thatched cottage from the sun. In the distance the mountain ridges took blue and purple shadows, and white clouds nestled here and there among the peaks, giving a vague promise of hidden heights and glories.

"A lovely place this is," said Norman, half to himself. "For those who come here to die, it must be like waiting just outside the gates of heaven until they open."

His companion glanced quickly at him.

"Are you tired, old fellow?" he asked anxiously.

"Not I. The air is delicious up here. It has just the clear freshness which is a bit wanting in the scent of the magnolias and honeysuckle down below."

"Let us push on to the next *venda*. Manuel says we are not far from our destination."

A few more turns of the road brought them to a low, whitewashed house, shaded by Spanish chestnut-trees. There were stone seats against the wall outside, beneath a wooden trellis which stretched across a wide open space in the front, and on the fallen trunk of an oak a countryman sat thrumming on a guitar, while singing, or rather wailing, in two or three different keys.

The English country inn has no exact parallel in Madeira. Minus "accommodation for man and beast" (which is only occasionally furnished, and that in the very roughest fashion), a *venda* supplies its place, and at the same time provides the villagers with the necessities of life usually found in our little country places in a "general" shop.

The master of the *venda* keeps good store of wine and other liquors, and though "tea" is either unheard of or likely to be an abominable compound, yet "tobacco and snuff" are fairly passable, and the *venda*-keeper has a license to dispense that and bread, Indian corn, sugar, matches, and earthen pots, etc. No license is needed, however, for dispensing the news, of which the *venda* is usually the centre.

The two doors of this especial *venda* now in question were its only openings, so that the eyes of the travellers, coming from the brilliant light of a July day, were some time in distinguishing objects within. The shopkeeper was praising his wine, and pouring out small tumblers of the golden Madeira, before Norman Anderson and his brother Keith realized that the little store was full of people, and that some subject of absorbing interest was collecting an eager crowd around a woman who held up three white tickets with numbers on them.

"All sold but these. You see, these must be sold, or it is all to no purpose. If he has not the entire sum he must go."

"It is true. *Louvado seja Deus!* (Glory be to God!)"

"Has every girl bought one?"

"That, of course not. How many can afford such a sum?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a black-bearded man. "To think that seventeen girls have made such fools of themselves."

"Girls? *Raparigas*? Pretty old girls some of them are," laughed another. "I know of three who are my age, and my mother says I am forty."

"Ah, *senhor!* It is not true. There are none that age."

"*Sim, senhora.* Very certainly it is true."

And so the excited conversation went on.

"What are they all doing, Keith? What is the fun about?" asked the younger brother.

"I can't make out," said Keith. "They are all talking together, and it is the broadest dialect of Portuguese I ever heard. This must be the Yorkshire of the kingdom. Let us go outside till Manuel has finished his wine, and he can tell us what all the row is."

So saying the two brothers emerged again into the sunlight. As they did so a new figure caught their eyes. It was that of a young girl, who had evidently just come upon the scene with her pitcher from the well. She had paused for a moment on her way up the mountain-side, and stood, half in sunlight, half in shadow, among the chestnut-trees. The brilliant evening rays fell on the red-brown pitcher poised upon her head, and on the red-and-orange stripes of her short homespun skirts. A white kerchief was knotted beneath her chin, shadowing her face, and almost concealing her hair, but her small, brown feet were bare. One shapely arm, with its white sleeve rolled back, was raised to steady the pitcher, and the whole figure stood out in striking relief against the green foliage and shadowy rocks of the road behind her.

"There is a study for you, Norman," said his brother, lighting a cigar as he spoke.

"O Virginia," cried a voice near them, and a woman came laughing forward from the *venda*, "O Virginia,

there are yet three tickets, they say. Come and take a chance of your lover."

"You had better buy them yourself, as you have so much money, Senhora Conceição. It may be your last chance of getting a husband who must marry whether he like it or no."

It was the water-carrier who spoke, and who, as she said this, slowly turned her head with its burden and looked the woman who had spoken to her full in the face. They were enemies—that could be seen at a glance. Virginia's whole figure had become rigid in a moment, and her eyes burned. Her face took the brothers by surprise. It was of a type very unusual for a Portuguese. The oval was delicate, with no trace of high cheek-bone or heavy jaw, and there was no sign of olive sallowness in her pale cheek. But from this colorless background flashed splendid eyes of lambent golden brown, and rippling low upon her forehead was thick hair of the same shade.

"A last chance indeed! Hear that! God be good to us! As if I could not have had any man in the neighborhood, if I had but chosen. I am well nourished, *Grças a Deus*,—not such a thin, dry, yellow creature as some people."

Virginia glanced at the *Inglezes*, and held her peace.

"O Senhora Conceição!" said Manuel the horseboy. "Be silent. How can you shout so in the ears of the senhors? Do you not see that they wish to mount their horses and ride away?"

Senhora Conceição, who was a stout, or, as she expressed it, a *well-nourished* woman, of considerably over thirty, jerked her ample skirts away to one side, while her beetle brows gathered over her swarthy, high-colored face in no very agreeable fashion. A well-defined black moustache was one of her most prominent beauties. She began a displeased monologue to a woman standing at her elbow, and by the time the English senhors were in their saddles, Virginia was far up the mountain.

"What is all this about, Manuel?" asked Keith Anderson, as soon as they were well on the march. "What were they selling? and what made the women so wild?"

"They were lottery tickets, senhor."

"But government lottery tickets are every-day things here; why should there be so much excitement about these?"

"This is a different thing, senhor," replied Manuel, a grin lighting up his brown face and gleaming eyes. "This is a *rifa*."

"A raffle do you mean?" asked Keith, who, thanks to a sojourn in Brazil some years before, was tolerably conversant with Portuguese. "But what are they going to raffle for? Some piece of finery, I suppose, as the women are so eager about it."

"No, no, senhor. It is for a husband."

"A husband! Oh, hear this, Norman! Fancy a fellow putting himself up for the girls to raffle for! The sublime conceit of it! It would be a fine suggestion for the *Matrimonial News*. But surely, Manuel, eligible young men are not so scarce as to need to be raffled for."

Manuel listened with the polite smile of a Portuguese who has not the vaguest notion of your meaning.

"I will recount to the senhor that he may understand," said he. And he proceeded to tell Keith Anderson the reasons for such an extraordinary proceeding as that of raffling for a husband.

The hero of the story, it seemed, and the object to be raffled for, was one of the handsomest young fellows in the parish, Francisco Rodrigues, the son of a widow, who, though living in her own cottage, and upon her own little piece of ground, being weakly and ailing, was but poorly off. Besides Francisco, she had one other son, but he was a cripple. There were, however, hopes of better days for the Rodrigues family, for Francisco was a clever craftsman. Among all the workers in straw and cane furniture there

were none who had fingers so strong and deft, or so true an eye for a curve, as Francisco. If the vendor in Funchal received an order for chairs or couches of a form never yet attempted, Francisco was always eager for the task; and when a great pile of the commissioned furniture was finished, and, fastened together with cords, was balanced on Francisco's black curly head, for a trifling run of eight miles, he would set off at an easy swinging trot, with the mass of cane-work towering aloft and shadowing his whole figure, and deposit his load with a happy, expectant smile in the vendor's shop, listening delighted to the tardy but yet inevitable praise which he knew must be part of his reward.

To his crippled brother he had taught some of the more delicate work — mats, ornaments, and baskets, so fine as to seem woven almost of threads, and of every graceful shape. In the evenings, and at all spare times, he worked in his small garden-patch, and had turned the otherwise unproductive parts of his domain into a willow plantation, thus providing materials for his own work. Already his mother's thin cheek was growing rounder, and there was an air of greater comfort in the cottage, when that cloud which is always lowering in the distance over every Portuguese family overshadowed them, turning the brightness of the future into cruel night. The conscription came on, and Francisco was drawn for a soldier. With him would go the whole support of the family. Without his guidance who should design the mats or baskets for his brother? If willows were not needed for Francisco's work, why should his mother cut and peel them? If his earnings were not put into the little black box by his mother's bed, where should the money for food come from? He appealed to the only authority in the matter whom he knew, an official in the offices of the Administration. His mother being a widow, could he not be released from service?

He could if he were an only son, but he was not.

But it was almost the same thing. His brother was a cripple.

Well! the official did not know. Perhaps if a petition were drawn up there might be hope. There were yet two or three months before he need present himself before the Junta. He might try.

So a petition was drawn up. It should cost nothing or next to nothing, for after all Francisco was very poor. Just a dollar or so might be needed for the necessary pens and paper and so on. Then two dollars and a half were wanted for government seals. Then in a week or so, in answer to Francisco's questions, the petition was nearly finished, but had to be signed and witnessed. It needed also five more dollars. The poor fellow worked day and night from the first gleam of dawn to the last blink of light, but he could not gain this money without more time. He and his mother must live, poor as the food was which kept body and soul together. He borrowed a dollar here and another there, he sold a beloved guitar — his only article of luxury — and carried the money to the town.

Two more weeks passed and he asked, "Was there any answer to the petition?"

The petition? Ah yes; the petition was to be forwarded to Lisbon to headquarters, and for this reason five more dollars were needed at once.

Poor Francisco! He sank down upon a seat in the office in despair. They called for sum after sum, never thinking that what was such a trifle to them was to him like wringing his heart's blood drop by drop. He sat there dumbly for a while, till, feeling himself an object of curiosity, he went away. When he reached home, pale and miserable, he found there a blind old man, his *padrinho* (or godfather), who was if anything poorer than himself. The old man heard Francisco's tale, discerned his despair, and then bending his grey head for a moment, said, "*Filinho*, I have that — yes, I have as much as that; it was saved up to buy me a coffin, that my old head might rest honorably beside my wife in

the churchyard ; but you will see to that, my son, and I will give it to you." And he gave it.

Now surely at last all would go well ; but still it was with a cold stone lying on his heart that he ventured again to the Administration to ask of the success of his petition. He was called before the judge of instruction, and the petition (not sent to Lisbon after all) was produced.

"What is this ?" said the judge. "This thing is of no use at all. It is all wrong. It is not properly drawn up. What a wickedness it is to cheat a young man into getting a petition drawn up which is of no more value than the paper on which it is written !"

No one ventured to contradict this — no particular person seemed to blame.

But what was he to do ? Francisco asked.

The judge shrugged his shoulders. The petition being of no use, he must just let things take their course and become a soldier.

"And my money ?" asks the poor fellow.

His money ? Had he no receipt for it ?

"No."

Well, he, the judge, thought it very wrong that so much money should have been taken for a thing that needed none, and which, after all, was of no use ; but what was to be done ? the money was gone.

It did not seem to occur to any one to draw up a petition afresh on proper lines. The judge had nothing more to do than to censure wrong-doing, and no one seemed to think it a duty to make restoration. And so, robbed, disappointed, sick at heart, the poor fellow must tramp his eight miles up the mountains to bring to his mother the news of starvation to come, and to tell the poor, blind padrinho that his money being gone, to no purpose, and Francisco to go too, he must depend on charity to be laid in the grave. How bitter was the sting of his own helplessness ! He was powerless. If he

did not go willingly he would be taken by force from a life of labor and of duty, no matter that in so doing they were taking the last morsel of bread from his mother's lips. And he must go to become a defender of a country, of a government, and of laws either powerless or corrupt. No redress except by bribery. He had been tricked by the very men employed by government, and there was no help, no appeal to any higher jurisdiction. They had taken in all eighteen dollars of money which had been painfully gathered, coin by coin, in abject toil and suffering, and it would be spent in gambling, in drinking, or in other easy pleasures of the town, while there on the hills they starved and wept with want.

No need to describe the gloom which hung over the little household. Such things happen in Madeira every day. It would seem as if every contact with the government were sufficient to deaden all sense of honor in the Portuguese breast. Who can bribe best, and bribe highest, may do well. And poor Francisco had no means left with which to bribe. Some tried to console him. After all, others became soldiers — why not he ?

Why not ? Because it was a degradation. To be turned from an honest, hard-working artisan into a lazy, hungry, disreputable loafer and hanger-on — was not that a fall ? He was to fight for his country in glorious warfare. He knew nothing about that. He loved his birthplace ; but her bitterest oppressors were the lawgivers of her own nation, Portugal. He was not to fight them. In fact, he knew none of his fellows among the soldiers who had ever seen active service. Who was there to fight except a few wretched blacks away on the coast of Africa, where men went in regiments and returned singly — sometimes to die of the fever acquired there, sometimes to hang about for years like shadows of their former selves ?

Madeira is over-populated ; there are too many mouths to feed, and yet strict watch must be kept that no able-



bodied man of twenty leaves its shores on any pretext—for every emigrant to America or England, or to any but a Portuguese colony, would escape conscription. Only by payment of a heavy fine, which most poor laborers are powerless to provide, can they be permitted to go. In very many cases it is the bread-winner who must leave a houseful of dependants when his time comes to serve; and his pay, inadequate for himself, is certainly not enough to keep others. All these thoughts flitted through Keith Anderson's brain, called up by Manuel's recital of, and evident sympathy with, Francisco's woes.

"By the way, Manuel," he said, "you must be over age for a soldier now—have you served?"

"No, senhor."

"How did you escape?"

Manuel held up a hand from which one finger was wanting.

"Can't pull a trigger, senhor," said he.

"Did you cut it off on purpose?"

"Sim, senhor; but Francisco would spoil his skill at the cane-plaiting if he did it."

"Poor fellow! Well, what has become of him? Go on, Manuel; I want to hear."

When the time was drawing near for Francisco to present himself for service, he was passing the *venda* one day when a man, seated before the door, beckoned to him—he had a thing to tell him. The "thing" was no other than an offer, thinly veiled, from Conceição, to pay a substitute for him if he would marry her. Poor Francisco! to marry a woman so notorious for ill-temper as Conceição. She was nearer his mother's age than his own, and her tongue was famous in all the countryside. True, she had money; but—life with Conceição!

The man Jacintho—a friend of Francisco's, and an easy, good-tempered fellow—rallied him on his dismal looks.

"Oh, *amigo*, you don't seem overjoyed. It would have given us all a fine laugh if I had not sworn to Con-

ceição on a relic that she keeps on the neck of her *santo*, that I would not tell except to you. Cheer up, my son. Perhaps you don't want Conceição, and no wonder; but there might even be other girls who would do as much. I have heard hints from one quarter and another, and I think you had better put yourself up to the highest bidder—ha, ha!"

"Don't laugh, Jacintho," said Francisco. "I am desperate enough for most things now, but Conceição—it would give my brother bread, I know, but very bitter bread, I know that."

Just then Jacintho's wife, Antonia, came up from behind.

"O Francisco," she said, "I know of a capital plan to buy you a substitute for the army. With twenty pounds you could easily get José da Silva to serve for you, and you would be free."

"Twenty pounds! Ah, senhora, it would be as easy to get twenty thousand."

"Not at all. *Escuta!* We have been talking it over, Senhora Elisa of the *venda* and I. Let us have a lottery. It will be a *grande palpite*, as they say in the newspapers. Every girl who would like to save Francisco from the army, and would not object to give him her hand in marriage, should buy a ticket, and when you have the desired sum, you send it to José da Silva and you bring home a bride."

"Listen to that! What girl would do such a thing?"

"Oh, you poor fellow! You don't believe in your good fortune! I know of four already."

"But there are marriages worse than death; shall I have to take a creature whom no other man would look at!"

"No, no," said Antonia; "they must all be of good character. Stay. Let us make the laws. They must be of known good reputation as to morality, not younger than seventeen, and not older than forty."

"Older than forty! *Credo!*" muttered Francisco.

"The tickets should be at one pound apiece—that is, four dollars and a half—so that only girls of some means can obtain them."

"But how will you do, wife, if one person buys up all the tickets?" asked Jacintho.

"Ah ha! you mean Conceição? Yes, there are some things that people know, senhor, even if you do take a solemn oath not to tell. Let us say that no girl shall be allowed to buy more than one ticket—at least until we see whether they are quickly sold. Of course we cannot help it if they choose to buy and sell them among themselves afterwards. But, at any rate, twenty girls to choose from is better than being bought by one."

"But will twenty girls choose me?" asked Francisco.

"It is possible," returned Jacintho. "You know if all goes well you have a paying trade, and can support a wife. That is the best of having a good name in the business. It always brings work."

There was much discussion—the comical side of the thing not being the side which struck Francisco most, but rather the blank uncertainty—but at last he gave consent. And at the time the brothers Anderson had visited the venda there were still three tickets for sale.

Much of this Manuel explained to them, assenting cheerfully to the abuse which the English senhors bestowed upon a government which could admit of such injustice and corruption.

By this time the early darkness of a tropical night was coming on, and turning aside through a rustic gate from the highroad, the horses seemed at first to have entered into deep obscurity. As the travellers' eyes, however, grew accustomed to the gloom, they found themselves pursuing a narrow winding path around the head of a valley. A sound of rushing water was heard, and, crossing the bed of a little stream, they soon reached a broad space where the private road widened into a kind of garden, beneath lofty eucalyptus and chestnut trees, and on

one side from the open door of a long thatched building a brilliant light streamed forth.

"Here you are at last," said a cheery voice. "I was afraid you had been lost, or had been intimidated at the last by fashionable folk below from venturing up into the backwoods,"—and a handsome, gentlemanly man of about middle age came forward from the lighted interior to greet them.

"But you are heartily welcome," said the bright little woman who came hurrying after him.

"I am sorry we are so late," said Keith, as, having got over the first bustle of arrival, they entered the house. "I rather think that nothing but pure idleness is our excuse. That is a contagious malady here, and we rode very slowly."

"Now," said their host, "let us get our invalid a seat by the fire. Sounds queer, doesn't it, a big log-fire in July in Madeira? but I defy you to say that it is not a comfort."

"I protest against the name of invalid," said Norman, from the depths of a big armchair to which he had been consigned; "I've given up all that; but this fire is glorious."

The room they had entered was primitive in the extreme in its construction. It was long and large, extending the whole length and breadth of the building, and was paved (not floored) with closely set pebbles firmly arranged in squares. The ceiling was composed of woven cane, set in a framework of unpolished chestnut-wood, supported by whitewashed walls. From this cold background the brightness of rich, warm coloring in curtains and furniture stood out in bold relief.

An old-fashioned stone fireplace with an overhanging mantel-shelf above it formed a brilliant centre of light and warmth. Great logs and fir-cones were piled up, glowing and crackling on the hearth. Bright colored embroideries adorned and curtained the overhanging mantel, and deep cushioned wicker chairs of island manufacture, a broad old-fashioned sofa, tables, books, cushions, presses, and corner-cupboards

made a thoroughly homely and highly unæsthetic interior. At one end of the room, which their hostess laughingly said was the dining-room end, and which was supposed to have no connection with the drawing-room division of the apartment in which they were seated, the gleam of white napery, plate, and china made it very evident that a meal was pending. And shortly afterwards the opening of a door, and the entrance of a tidy Portuguese maid with roast chickens, Indian-corn cakes, piles of strawberries, and coffee, announced that supper was ready.

"You see," said their hostess, "we are savages who actually dine in the middle of the day in these wilds, and so in the evening we sup."

"This is just delicious," said Keith Anderson. "My soul has chafed within me for the last six weeks at the bondage of fashionable propriety in which we have been held in that hotel."

"Yes," said Dr. Wilbraham, their host, "there are certainly capital hotels in Madeira—in fact, I never encountered better in any of my travels; but, after all, a hotel is a hotel. It has to be governed by all sorts of laws, written and unwritten, from which the home is exempted, and I must say that life is worth twice as much when you can regulate your hours and meal-times and costumes and pursuits to suit your own tastes."

"There is no doubt of that," said Norman. "I can fancy you, doctor, after a day's tramp on the hills, coming home with your bag full of specimens of every kind, everything which creepeth and crawlth on the face of the earth, and being obliged to leave these treasures—perhaps to find a hideous doom—at the hands, or feet, of the chamber-maid, while you, agonizing in a white tie and patent-leather boots, are obliged to work slowly through interminable courses at the dinner-table, and listen to Lady Niminy Piminy's abuse of her neighbor or her dinner."

Keith and Norman Anderson had known Dr. Wilbraham ever since they could remember, and they never re-

membered him without his botanical and entomological specimens and collections. A weakness in the chest had induced him to take up his abode in Madeira, and when Norman Anderson was slowly recovering from inflammation of the lungs in England, Dr. Wilbraham wrote advising a more rapid cure in Madeira, predicting a more complete re-establishment to health in a far shorter time than at home, if Norman took his advice. The Andersons came, — Keith, a budding barrister without a brief, to look after his artist brother; and after six weeks in the warmth of Funchal the threatening symptoms of permanent mischief in Norman's lungs quite disappeared, and they were free to seek the mountains, where the eccentric doctor had pitched his tent, and was living "freed from the trammels of polite society," as he said.

"I shouldn't think that society had ever trammelled him much," said Norman at six o'clock the next morning, as they watched the doctor, in shirt-sleeves, spectacles, and Panama hat, come striding down between the firs from his morning bath in a stream above. He was smoking a short pipe, and whisking the heads off the fox-gloves with his towel. High overhead the blackbirds were singing in the eucalyptus-trees. A flood of sunshine was pouring on the peaks of the mountains above, upon the wild honeysuckle and heather which clothed the slope. At regular intervals arose the singing voice of the harvest laborers, who were cutting the already ripened corn, and who sang in short strophes to each other, to the accompaniment of a mountain stream whose rushing down the hillside gave an indescribable feeling of life and freshness to the scene.

They were still watching, and presently saw Dr. Wilbraham pause in his descent. He was evidently speaking to some one hidden by the trees, for he lifted his hat and removed his pipe.

"Who has he got hold of there?" said Keith. "It will be a human specimen and not a botanical one; for though he would probably think much

more highly of the latter, I doubt if he would take off his hat to it."

Still the doctor stood, both listening and speaking, till presently, with an energetic gesture, he motioned to the hidden figure and strode down towards the house. From behind the trees followed a slighter, smaller figure, clothed in the costume of a country girl. Her feet were bare, but her white kerchief was pulled so far over her face that it was invisible in the shade.

"Coo-ee," shouted Dr. Wilbraham, as he neared the three thatched buildings which constituted his abode.

An answering "Coo-ee" in feminine tones was heard, and Mrs. Wilbraham appeared on the hillside before her bedroom door.

"Come here, Katherine," said the doctor. "Here is such an outrageous piece of injustice that I want you to see if something can be done for this poor girl."

"Oh, it is Virginia," said Mrs. Wilbraham, drawing near.

"Sim, senhora. A very good day to the senhora. The senhora passed a good night?"

Although Virginia's eyes were red with weeping, and her tones low, it would have been impossible to her to forget the inevitable formula of a morning greeting.

"Look here, Katherine! Ah, Keith, are you there? Come away, come away; now just see what actual robbery of the poor can be done with impunity in this place. I say that it is infamous."

He took from Virginia's hands a white bundle, which his wife unrolled, and in so doing exposed to view a large piece of exquisitely fine embroidery. The brothers, of course, were unable rightly to appreciate its beauty, but it struck them as something finer and more cobwebby than all that they had seen for sale in this island of embroidery. It seemed strange that this coarsely dressed country girl should be capable of such a creation, which was delicate to a wonderful degree and of snowy whiteness.

"In these tiny huts with earthen floors, how can they keep it so clean? and many of these little places have no windows,—how can they see?" asked Norman.

"You forget," said Mrs. Wilbraham, smiling, "that nobody dreams of *living* inside a house here. A house is a place to sleep in, and there is usually an inferior hut for cooking in, and so on; but here on the hills no one carries on an occupation within four walls. The embroideresses all sit on the seats outside, beneath trees or vine-trellises, working, singing, and chatting together."

"And why is she troubled about this particular piece of work?" asks Keith.

"You tell the senhor your trouble about the embroidery, Virginia," commanded the doctor. And Virginia explained that she, like so many of her countrywomen, just managed to keep body and soul together by embroidery. She said that by rising at four, and working as long as daylight lasted, with well-skilled fingers one might earn as much as fivepence per day; and of course out of this food, clothes, firing, and rent had to be found. Still, she esteemed herself happy to find work paid at this rate. Some time ago a certain agent in the place, who employed her to work for him, had given her an order for a very large piece of embroidery for a lady's dress. It was in two parts, and as it was wanted in a hurry, Virginia took one half, and entrusted the other to a neighbor, who was an embroideress like herself. It was to be finished for the day before our story opens, and Virginia had been half starving; for as the work would only be paid as it was delivered, and she certainly had no capital to fall back upon, she had been obliged to get credit for a while at the *venda*, and the *vendeiro* was not fond of giving credit. At last, the work being finished, Virginia carried it to the agency with high hopes; for her share came to more than a pound in English money—a great sum to her. The two pieces of the dress being delivered, the agent

appeared with a frown upon his face, and his most brutal manner, and, flinging the work upon the table, asked her what she meant by misusing needle and thread in such a way. Then he condescended to point out certain portions in the work of the other woman which were carelessly done.

"It was all spoiled," he said, regardless of Virginia's entreaties and her demonstration that the fault was very slight, in fact scarce noticeable unless to a practised eye. "No matter for that," he said; "the fault in that half spoiled the entire dress, and he would not give ten shillings for the work altogether. He had nothing to do with the division of the labor."

Virginia was appalled. Ten shillings instead of two pounds! It was impossible. What would the other embroideress say at receiving five shillings where she had expected twenty?

Faint and sick with her long tramp to the town in the hot morning sun, and fasting (for even the usual handful of Indian corn had been wanting that morning in anticipation of a sumptuous meal of bread from her earnings), the poor girl nearly fell as she crossed the doorstep, and sat half-conscious leaning against the wall until a neighbor, seeing her deathly face, coaxed her within her own doors, and with kindly sympathy and a morsel of food brought tears to the poor girl's eyes and relief to her heart.

Those who worked for the agency might well sympathize. Who did not know the man who ground the faces of the poor? It was whispered, they told her, that the agent had some kind of dispute with some people who bought his embroidery in foreign countries, and several orders lately had been countermanded—that might account for his ill-temper.

How Virginia managed to communicate with her fellow-worker and sufferer on the hills she scarcely knew. She only knew that when at last she had returned to the man, driven by hunger to accept this starvation price—five shillings instead of twenty—she was told by one of the clerks that

the master had changed his mind,—he had decided not to take the work nor pay for it. It was left on her hands. And so she had to return, no other work or chance of work given her, and she knew of no one who would buy this. It was too large to sell quickly. It had been an order from England, and just now there were few Englishwomen in the island, it being summer.

Virginia's kerchief had fallen back on her neck while she was speaking, and the face which had aroused the contempt of Conceição for its pallor was exposed to view. Norman's artistic eye saw at once the loveliness which would be invisible to the coarse taste of such a woman. The face was instinct with feeling, the features delicately cut, the massive coils of bronze-colored hair gleamed in the sunlight; but beneath the brown wells of her eyes were deep shadows, and the oval of her face was sharpened, as they now knew, by hunger.

"It is a horrible shame," exclaimed Norman. "Can't that man be compelled to pay for work ordered by himself? Is there no way of making him ashamed of himself? Could we not go and see him?"

"He would say that you are no judge of such things," said Mrs. Wilbraham acutely.

"Ah, Solomon in petticoats!" said the doctor. "Now I should like to see if you are a judge. Unroll this thing entirely, and point out the blemish if you can, madam."

It was done. Virginia seated herself upon the bank at a sign from the doctor, with the work in her lap, and Mrs. Wilbraham pored over it inch by inch. A tiny smile crept over the girl's face as the doctor teasingly encouraged his wife's examination.

"Come, come, I should have thought you would have had your finger on it in a moment. Don't you know any more about women's gear than that? I see now how it is that you don't notice when a button-hole has no button to put in it. The agent would say that you are no judge, Mrs. Wilbraham. No, no, Virginia, don't show her."



"I see where it is," said Mrs. Wilbraham, rising from her kneeling posture; "but that is more than any of you gentlemen can do. Just try."

But they all declined in the greatest haste.

"What I do see is this," said Keith, "that if it took Mrs. Wilbraham so long to find it when she knew it was there, the work cannot be so obviously bad as to merit rejection. Most probably the recipient of the dress would scarcely have noticed it. It seems to me very likely that the order was countermanded for some reason, and the agent concluded to shift the loss from his own shoulders to those who were less able to bear it."

"That may be so," said Mrs. Wilbraham. "You see there is no written agreement with the workers; the agents are bound by no law but that of their own convenience. Some agents are better than others. But at any rate the price in this case was very low. He was going to give two pounds for the work. He would sell it for four most certainly, if not for five—for I know what prices are put upon these things when they are stiffly folded and exposed for sale in the shops. However, we will think over what can be done. Virginia will go to the kitchen and get some breakfast with Luiza. It must be nearly ready by this time, for our hour is seven. In the mean time we can consider if there is anything that we can do."

"I never knew the vaule before of the inalienable right of a free-born Briton to write to the *Times*," said Keith, as they paced slowly along towards the dining-room. "This is the second case within these two days which, if Madeira could boast of a *Times*, should be aired by me. I scarcely know which is worse, this or the case of Francisco."

"And one case aggravates the other," said Mrs. Wilbraham, to whom the Andersons had mentioned Francisco's story, and soon found that it was well known to them. "I feel pretty sure that if Francisco could choose a wife it would be Virginia, and I can't help

fancying that this pound—all that was to stand between her and starvation—would have gone for a ticket,—her only chance of winning him."

"Poor girl! it makes the case ten times harder," said Norman reflectively. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he turned to his brother. "I say, Keith, don't you think this embroidery stuff would do for a wedding present for Nella? You know, Mrs. Wilbraham, that our sister Nella is to be married in autumn, and Keith and I promised to bring her some of the fruits of our travels. We have looked at chairs and inlaid boxes and shawls, but she seems to have got all these things from other people. You should see the lists of gifts which that girl has received. It is worth while getting married in these days. What do you think, Keith?"

"The dress might do for one thing," said Keith, "but I am always afraid of giving girls things to put on. Do you remember how she laughed at poor Jim?"

"Well, you know," said his brother, "it was a peculiarly hideous thing. Only Jim could have been so left to himself as to offer it. Who would want to wear a coffee-colored dressing-gown with pale-green stripes?"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilbraham. "Was that one of the wedding presents? Well, after that, you can surely have no fear in giving a dress of pure white to a bride."

"She won't say it isn't the fashion, or only fit for a baby, or anything, will she?" asked Norman nervously.

"She can't, for she can have it made to suit the fashion; and it is really exquisite work, and Nella would not be mortal woman if she did not value such work as that. I wish I were going to be married and had the chance of such a gown!"

"Pray do not consider me in any way as an impediment," observed the doctor politely. "If you have any hankerings after bigamy and millinery, I will efface myself. Self-denying modesty was always my strong point. By Jove! there's the coffee, and I

haven't got my hair brushed," and he started with a run up the slope to his bedroom.

During breakfast the project was discussed, and the two brothers having decided to buy the dress of Virginia, insisted, with characteristic uprightness, in buying it at the same price as they would have bought it at a shop, willing that she, rather than they, should profit by the misfortune. Mrs. Wilbraham was also deputed to discover whether Virginia shared a certain well-known prejudice against "being put into a picture," as Norman declared that the dress would have double its value if the story of the worker and her portrait went with it.

The poor girl's gratitude on knowing of her good fortune was touching. She called on all the saints to make her benefactors happy forevermore. The tears of delight were running down her cheeks, her hands clasped, her face all aglow with happiness, and she was so radiantly lovely that Norman was anxious to fetch his palette and brushes at once. But although it was discovered that she had no fear of drying up and withering away as soon as her face was transferred to canvas, she asked for a little delay, explaining hesitatingly that she must go and pay the other needlewoman her share of the embroidery.

"And the lottery ticket, Virginia?" said Mrs. Wilbraham, smiling, as she put the four shining gold pieces into the girl's hand.

Virginia blushed scarlet, and glanced fearfully round; but seeing that all witnesses had retired to a discreet distance, she took courage and asked anxiously, "The senhora thinks it a very ugly thing to do to buy a ticket?"

"No, no, my poor girl, not in these circumstances."

"Ah, senhora! When it was first arranged that Francisco should submit to this lottery, he came to me and said, 'Virginia, it may yet be that our happiness may result from this. You will try to buy a ticket, and every night we will pray Nossa Senhora that your number may be the lucky one.' I would never have bought a ticket to

buy me a husband, but when he asked me to it was different. Is it not so, senhora? And we have a neighbor, a kind friend, Isabel Vieira, and she has bought a ticket, and she will let me redeem it from her; for though she bought it, she has a lover of her own, and does not want to marry Francisco."

"But is that allowed, Virginia? I thought that each girl was only permitted to buy one ticket."

"Yes, senhora. The same person may not buy more than one ticket at once. That is, twenty different girls must buy each one a ticket; but if afterwards these girls, having their own chance by right, choose to give it up and sell their tickets one to another, they may do it. I think that this law was made to prevent one or two rich women from buying all the tickets."

"And you think, then, that one girl may have two or three tickets, if she can get others to sell them to her?"

"*Sim*, senhora."

"In that case you might have two or three, but also Conceição might do the same."

"Without doubt, senhora. But then Conceição has tried to buy tickets, but the girls do not like her, and as yet all have refused. Indeed it is said that she would give two pounds apiece for them. She is very determined to have Francisco."

"Whoever gets him will have to make up her mind to find him very conceited after this, I should think."

"Ah no, senhora. Conceição has always wished to be married, and she has tried as hard to get others; and she is so much disliked that I know one or two cases where tickets have been taken to lessen her chances. Francisco does not think it all for his sake. But the priests are on her side, because she has promised so many rockets<sup>1</sup> to our Lady of the Mount, and she has a Sant' Antonio all of her own. He has a shrine in her house, and beautiful clothes, and a number of candles."

"Why is she so fond of that particular saint?"

<sup>1</sup> Fireworks are a common Portuguese thank-offering to the saints.

"Ah," said Virginia, laughing and smiling, and yet wholly in earnest, "does the senhora not know that Sant' Antonio brings husbands to the girls? At his feast, if you bring him fresh flowers, and if by good luck you can but clip off a little bit of his mantle, you will be married within the year."

"And as Conceição has an image of this accomplished saint in her own possession, she can bribe him to her heart's content. Well, we must try to be a match for both of them. See here, Virginia; one of these gold pieces belongs to your fellow-workwoman—are you willing to venture those which remain for Francisco?"

"Am I willing? *Sim! sim!* senhora, if it will do any good."

"Then my advice is this. Do not yet redeem the ticket from Isabel Vieira. Let that remain in her hands till the day of drawing. You can manage to pay her by and by with the money you will yet earn. She does not want to marry Francisco."

"But, senhora, I must give her her money; it was for me she took the ticket."

"Yes, yes; don't fear. I will see that she gets her money. But we must give you all the chances we can. Only one ticket will bear the lucky number, but the more tickets you have the greater is your chance that one may win. Go now yourself and buy a ticket. With you I will send my servant Julia. She is unmarried, of good character, over seventeen and under forty, which they tell me are the regulations. She happens to be promised in marriage, but as nothing is said about that in the laws, it does not matter. She will be one more who, if she wins, will win for you, for she can hand you her ticket. In this way you have three chances against the one of Conceição."

"*Sim*, senhora; but Conceição may have done the same things—I had not thought of that."

"Of course she may, but three chances against her are better than one. Do as I say. Only remember that you are to sit still for two or three

hours every day for the Senhor Inglez to paint you, and you will get a dollar for every sitting."

"Ah, senhora, it is you who have done all this for me. May heaven make you happy, and your children, and your children's children!"

"Well, run away now. I will send Julia with you."

"Now, wife," said the doctor, a little later, "what plots have you been hatching with Virginia?"

"If you could only be effaced for a while, as you proposed," said Mrs. Wilbraham, laughing, "I would go and buy a ticket for myself. Virginia and I have our secrets."

"Oh, that is it! Very well. Though you may hold a husband so cheaply, madam, all do not, as is very evident. I will put myself up to be raffled for."

"Then you will become the lawful prey of Conceição."

"Now heaven forefend!" quoth the doctor.

"That woman will be a formidable enemy if she is defeated, I should think," said Keith Anderson; "but I have not the ghost of an idea how these lotteries are conducted. Do the ticket-holders draw lots, or how is it to be?"

"I don't know either," said Mrs. Wilbraham. "I think that you gentlemen should go to the venda and see."

At the venda there were no customers at that early hour except one or two children with little bags of corn; so the doctor bought a box of matches, and as he lighted his cigar asked carelessly, "When is this important lottery for a husband to take place, Senhora Elisa?"

"In three days, Senhor Doutor."

"And how will the lots be drawn?"

"They are still discussing that, senhor. My advice was this, that we put the lots in a bag, and that old Valente the blind man should draw one before us all. What would the senhores advise?"

"That is not a bad idea; but the lots should not be pieces of paper, or two might stick together, and there would be war among the girls. Francisco

can marry but one out of twenty after all."

"Yes," said Senhora Elisa. "If there were more of these I would give them, but there are only four," and she produced four round wooden lotto-markers, each with its number upon it.

"Well," said the doctor, "I could lend you twenty of those for the occasion. We have the game somewhere, for my boys used to play it before they went home to school. Shall I send them to you or to Valente?"

"It will be better to have them here, Senhor Doutor, if the senhor will have the condescension to lend them."

"Very well," said the doctor; "we will turn them out and send them along. And what do you propose to do with all the girls who do not get Francisco? There will be nineteen to one. They will pull that girl to pieces. I think you should have a detachment of military called out."

"No, no, senhor; they would be ashamed in public even to appear discontented. Perhaps the Senhores Ingleses will honor us with their presence. They will be very welcome. The space in front of the venda will be covered with flags and flowers. The lottery will take place there at six o'clock on the evening of Monday, which is a *festa*. It will be very gay."

"I should think so," laughed Keith, "especially for Francisco."

The Englishmen had not long left the shop when the swarthy face of Conceição appeared.

"Have you heard the news?" she demanded, "that Virginia has actually palmed off that disgraceful embroidery of hers upon the two gentlemen strangers who were here just now? What a shame! And she had done it so badly that even the agent had refused to keep it."

"It was not done badly," said Senhora Elisa hotly. "It was a perfect piece of work."

"And why was it refused, then?" asked Conceição. "She pretends she did not do it all, but she won't say who did. Ah, I know her. Four pounds

she got for it instead of two. A lot of money thrown away, I'll be bound. No one who did that embroidery will see a penny of it but Senhora Donna Virginia herself. It is disgraceful. But of course one knows when young men give girls so much money what it means. It is not for nothing, ha, ha!" And she flounced out of the shop.

"Ah, ugly tongue," muttered Senhora Elisa to herself; "how she tries to take away that poor girl's character! O husband!" she exclaimed, as her husband appeared from a dark recess behind the shop, "did you hear that? And not ten minutes ago did that poor Virginia come here and give me a pound, a shining piece, for our poor Gonzaga and her brood of little children. Well, I know that the work Gonzaga did with the children dragging at her skirts was done carelessly, in haste — she avowed it herself. Through her Virginia lost her chances of sale, and she never told who it was, and now shares with her loyally. Ah, Conceição, ugly thing! Wait! I will be even with thee."

She then confided to her husband the offer of the Senhor Doutor of the twenty wooden counters for the lottery, and they had an earnest conversation, which ended in Senhor Elisa comparing her book, in which each girl had written her name and the number of her ticket, with the counters in her hand. She slipped one of these into her pocket, and saying to her husband, "I am going to see Valente, and to carry this money to Gonzaga," left the venda.

Half an hour passed, and Conceição reappeared accompanied by a poor-looking girl of rather repulsive appearance, to whom she was talking patronizingly. "Of course, Proíria, you can buy a ticket. Why should you not, as well as others? Your pretensions are as good as anybody's."

They entered the venda, where Leonardo, the shopkeeper, was seated in the absence of his wife.

"O Senhor Leonardo! Here is a young woman who wishes to buy a

ticket for the lottery. How many have you ? ”

“ I think there is but one left,” said the man, slowly opening his book. “ Yes, number twenty. But one must ask questions in conformity with the regulations ? Who is this girl ? ”

“ She lives up the mountains, and is of very honest parents. Her age seventeen. She was seventeen last month.”

“ What is her name ? ”

“ *Profíria Fernandez.* ”

“ Well, as I do not know her, I will ask the priest about her.”

“ But I tell you that she is without reproach. She has but little experience of the world, poor thing, and I would like to get her a good husband.”

“ Naturally,” said Leonardo ; “ but you see I cannot put down the name of a person whom I do not know.”

“ But if other people know her, surely that is enough.”

“ No, no, we have to take care of poor Francisco’s chances of marriage. He is not obliged to marry every girl from the mountains who comes running in to buy a ticket. The regulations say she must be of well-known, irreproachable reputation.”

“ I’ll go and fetch the priest myself,” said Conceição, with a toss of the head. “ Good-day to you, Senhor Leonardo. Come along, *Profíria*,” and she marched out.

“ Aha,” said Leonardo to himself, “ that girl is very much like a child who was in Conceição’s service some years ago, and who, she declared, was a horrible thief. She wants another ticket for herself, that is it.”

But an hour or two later Conceição returned triumphant, with a letter from the priest testifying to the irreproachable character of his parishioner, *Profíria Fernandez*, and Leonardo was obliged to hand the last ticket over to the girl, from whose hands, he well knew, it would pass into the pocket of Conceição.

“ It makes no difference,” said Senhora Elisa to her husband with a wicked smile, as she heard of the transaction.

“ Well, Virginia,” said Mrs. Wilbraham on Monday afternoon as she came upon Norman working away at his easel with Virginia before him, resting her earthen pitcher upon a moss-covered wall beneath the chestnuts, “ are you not going over to the venda ? ”

“ No, no, *senhora*, I would rather not,” she answered, involuntarily shrinking back as she spoke.

“ Are you not anxious to know who is to be Francisco’s fate ? ” Virginia looked appealingly at her, and the kind-hearted woman said, “ Never mind, I think you are quite right to stay here. We are all going over to see fair play, and so you will be alone till we come back. Come, Norman.” And presently the stillness under the chestnut-trees became absolute.

Virginia sank upon her knees beside the moss-grown wall. These old stones were so cold, so quiet, so still. How long she remembered that mossy heap,—it rested her tired head to lean against it ; there was nothing to make her unquiet heart more unquiet, and yet the tears began to roll down her cheeks. She took a tiny silver medal from her breast, and, kissing it, murmured, “ O Blessed Lady of the many sorrows, pray for me ; O sacred heart — ”

A crackling of branches and dried leaves caused her to spring quickly to her feet.

“ O Francisco ! ” she cried to a figure which came hastily towards her.

He was a handsome fellow ; brown as a berry, but straight, tall, and lithe, intelligence gleaming in his big black eyes and well-formed features. But his usual winning smile was gone as he came forward and held out his two hands to the girl.

“ I came to say *Adeus*, Virginia. I am going to know our fate. Either you will be my wife before this week is out, or I am a miserable man for life. Oh, what a fool I was to submit to this ! *Adeus, minha alma.* ”

There was one minute of mute embrace, and he was gone.

The venda was brilliant with flags



and flowers. The open space in front of it was roofed in with green branches over the trellis, and on the bank below among the trees were seated the musicians, each with his instrument ready to strike up at a given signal. On one side sat the *Inglezes*, Dr. Wilbraham and his wife and the two Andersons; and laughing, jesting, teasing each other, was a flock of girls all in holiday costume of the most brilliant colors. They were the would-be brides. A dense knot of spectators crowded the open space when Leonardo from the venda came out bearing a cotton bag of the kind always most affected by the Portuguese, made of bright-colored scraps, and duly tasselled at the corners. Motioning the spectators to fall back a little, Leonardo advanced to the table, which stood bare in the midst, and turning the bag inside out, shook from it twenty counters. The eyes of all the spectators followed his movements with breathless attention.

Just then a slight movement in the crowd allowed of the advance of a young man from the road. It was Francisco—prize and sacrifice. Without looking at any one, he slowly edged his way as far from the expectant brides as possible, to a seat near the musicians. Meantime Leonardo produced a book, and as he called each name a girl came forward and received a wooden counter corresponding to the number in the book to which her name was attached. But when Virginia's name was called—Number eighteen—there was no response. At last Mrs. Wilbraham said, "Virginia is not here. I will take her counter, if it is allowed."

"Certainly, *mina senhora*, it is only to drop it again into the bag when her turn comes."

The girls having then ranged themselves in a line, Leonardo went gravely round with his bag, and each girl having dropped in her counter, it was placed upright upon the table. Now came Senhora Elisa leading a white-haired old man, whose evidently sightless eyes were known to all. It was blind Valente, the godfather of the

bridegroom elect. He was led forward to the table, and Elisa taking one corner of the bag, and Leonardo the other, the blind man felt for the opening, plunged in his hand, for the bag was deep, and drew forth a wooden counter which he held up. There was a universal forward movement to see, and Leonardo shouted "*Four*." The counter was then laid in the hand of the Senhor Doutor, who gravely and somewhat ruefully admitted that it was "*four*." There was no mistake. Alas for poor Virginia!

When the number was shouted, however, a bright, pleasant-looking girl, with a brilliant yellow silk kerchief on her glossy black braids, clapped her hands, and dancing with delight, exclaimed, "*Sou eu! Sou eu!*" (It is I! It is I!)

She made a start towards Francisco, who had also risen, a perfectly delighted smile irradiating his face, and taking his hands, she first shook them heartily, and then forced him to whirl rapidly round in a kind of dance of triumph, and then hurried off to thank and shake hands with Valente, with Elisa, and in fact with a score of others, while the music at a signal from Leonardo struck up a lively air.

"Well," said Dr. Wilbraham to his wife, who was beaming in smiles, "Francisco might have done worse, but he seems to have forgotten Virginia already."

Meanwhile the faces of the other girls were a study; some laughed, others looked grave or scornful, but Conceição's face was almost diabolical in its rage. She went up to the triumphant possessor of number four and said, "Now, Thereza Vieira, I thought that you were promised in marriage to Joao Felipe?"

"So I am," laughed Thereza, "and now I can choose; it is a fine thing to have two such handsome lovers to choose from, is it not, Joao Felipe?" and she turned to a powerful-looking young fellow beside her.

He looked at Conceição, showing two gleaming lines of white teeth as he laughed. "It is too bad, Conceição,

don't you think so? Will you take pity on me if she casts me off?"

Conceição had wit enough to see that she was being laughed at, and turned frowningly away.

The bag was taken from the table, which now was spread with bottles of wine and with fruit, and then Francisco, signing to the musicians to stop, began to speak, hesitatingly at first, but more rapidly as he went on.

He thanked all those, he said, whose kind hearts had brought them to his help in this way, when his family had been threatened with the ruin which his absence must cause. He knew quite well that though the rule was supposed to be that he should marry the girl who drew the successful number, that many had taken tickets just with the hope of helping him, and without any idea of marriage. He recognized their kindness, and thanked them with all his heart.

Just as he finished Thereza darted forward and drew a shrinking figure who was seen approaching into the midst. It was Virginia.

"O amigo!" said Thereza, "you know that I am promised to Joao Felipe here, and so I must ask you to accept a substitute for me. Look, Virginia! here is the lucky number, I give it to you. Francisco is yours now."

With one accord the Englishmen took off their hats and gave such a vigorous "hurrah" that poor Valente, who was standing near, was almost knocked over.

Dr. Wilbraham heard a quick, sharp hissing breath behind him, and an exclamation, and turning, saw Conceição. She had been gloomy and silent until now, but the sight of her successful rival was evidently more than she could stand. She darted forward suddenly to where Francisco was standing.

"Oh, miserable coward!" she cried, "you live on women then! All this good money—twenty shining sovereigns—given by all these girls is lost, or has been stolen from us just that Virginia may get her will. The ticket was not hers. Let her give it back.

Others have given their money, and she reaps the fruit. Ah! Infamia!"

Virginia shrank back appalled towards Francisco, but Thereza turned upon Conceição with a laugh.

"O senhora! Would you cut Francisco into twenty pieces rather than one should have the whole of him. But one could win him, and it was I. He was mine. Think of it! Little as I am, I had two whole big men all for my own. But two is too many. I am now accustomed to Joao Felipe, and I could not think of another as my future husband, so I give him to Virginia. Look, she has the ticket, and she can get a chain if she wants to, and take him away and tie him up."

"Ah, miseravel! you are in league with her. It is all done on purpose."

"But why? I bought my ticket, and Virginia bought hers, and you bought yours. Neither of you won. I won. He was mine. I might have taken him home and stood him on a shelf for a *santo*, as you have your Sant' Antonio; but I would need to feed him—I leave that to Virginia. *Vae mulher!* Are you not ashamed to stand here disputing for a husband?"

At this juncture Dr. Wilbraham sauntered carelessly up to the group, and taking off his hat, offered his hand to Thereza, whom he already knew. The two brothers followed him, and, as if accidentally, stood between Virginia and the raging Conceição. They had understood the doctor's lead. In this circle of calm talk and courtesy the flushed and panting woman felt powerless and out of place. She made a swift movement to face Virginia again, but this time was confronted by the doctor's wife, who looked at her with a face full of the most benignant interest.

"A baixo os Inglezes!" (Down with the English!) muttered Conceição; but by this time the other would-be brides, headed by Julia, were shaking hands with the bridegroom and Virginia, their disappointment over, and for very shame Conceição, unable to join them, hastily left the place.

Now the music began again, the healths of Francisco and his bride were drunk, and presently up went a whole sheaf of rockets, without which no Portuguese  *festa*  is ever complete. They were still singing and dancing when the stars came out, and the  *Ingleses*  wended their way home.

It was, perhaps, half an hour later when the doctor's sitting-room door was suddenly flung open, and a pale, frightened woman dashed in.

"O senhor! Quick, quick! Some one is drowned in the big  *tanguê* !" (reservoir).

"Where?" said the doctor, leaping to his feet, while the others, horror-struck, followed his example.

"Up here above. Juana Alvarez saw the body in the moonlight when she went to get water, and screamed out to me now as she ran home to fetch her husband."

"It may be poor Conceição," faltered the doctor's wife, as the three men dashed out of the house, stumbling and hurrying towards the steep mountain road, near where two huge tanks or reservoirs stood holding the water for the neighboring district.

Faint sounds of the distant music struck on their ears as they climbed the steep beneath the black shadows of the trees. They were still dancing and rejoicing, and this poor creature may have heard the joyous sounds ringing through the air till the gurgle of the cold deathly waters shut out all sound forever, and she sank into quietness in her despair. Other forms joined the searchers, ropes and sticks were carried by panting men, and at last they reached the tank. Yes, there in the moonlight, white and quiet, floated the body. But surely that could not be Conceição, it looked too small. Had she killed some one else in her rage? The ropes and sticks were put into use. Slowly the body in its sodden garments was drawn out,—it had not been far from the shore. They turned it over, and a roar of laughter broke from the nearest spectator.

"O senhores! What a thing! It is the poor  *santo* . Ah—ha—ha—ha!"

"What is it?" asks Norman, bewildered.

"It is Conceição's  *santo* ,  *Ora essa!*  Ha, ha! I shall never stop laughing.  *Olha* , look, senhores! the poor  *santo* ! She gave him such pretty clothes. Poor little thing, and he brought her no husband, and so she has pulled him out of his shrine, and flung him into the water here in a rage,—oh, ha—ha—ha!"

And so it was. The angry woman had no more faith in her poor  *santo* , and after drowning him in her fury, she barred herself up in her house in dudgeon. A day or two afterwards she took a long journey to see a friend, and it is said that she will go to Brazil. Let us hope that she may find better fortune there.

We have often wondered what Senhora Elisa did with that one counter which she took in her pocket when she went to see Valente; but as only she and her husband and the blind man ever knew anything of the matter, we have not been able to hear.

RYE OWEN.

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THE CRIMEA IN 1854 AND 1894.

BY GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD,  
G.C.B., V.C.

#### PART V.

ON the 10th June there was a conference at the British headquarters, of the senior artillery and engineers officers of the allied armies, who unanimously agreed that, after forty-eight hours' bombardment, a general assault should be delivered between five and six o'clock in the morning. This hour was chosen to enable the artillery to destroy any repairs made by the enemy during the night, and it was considered that the assaulting columns could be assembled during the night, and concealed until they went forward. Three columns were to start from the French left attack, and storm the Bastion du Mât, and adjoining batteries. The British troops were to assault the Redan, and

further northwards. The French were to assail the Malakoff, and the works between it and the harbor. The date was eventually postponed to Monday the 18th June, which was partly chosen with the hope that a brilliant success might obliterate any bitterness of feeling remaining in connection with the events of June, 1815.

During the week, 10th-17th June, I, with several of my comrades of the Naval Brigade, suffered from low fever and intestinal complaints, and although I managed to evade being put on the sick list, I was much reduced in strength, and did not shake off the fever until I got back on board ship, where I was sent after being severely wounded. We went down to battery at 2.30 A.M., on the 13th June and re-opened fire, mainly on the Malakoff works, as soon as we could see to lay our guns. But those Russian batteries being deprived of the support they had previously received from the Mamelon, from which, moreover, they were now bombarded, our especial target, the groups of guns under the ruined Malakoff Tower, soon ceased to reply to our fire. The ammunition of our foes had again begun to run short, and the infantry soldiers who replaced the trained seamen gunners, most of whom had been killed, were of course far less efficient than those whom they succeeded. It was moreover necessary to keep gun detachments in the sea front forts, for during the night 16th-17th, the steamers of the allied fleets stood in, and bombarded them. Nevertheless the Russians fired some nineteen thousand projectiles in the course of the day. At the time, we were ignorant of the Russians being short of ammunition, and imagined that their lessened rate of reply was entirely due to the effect of our fire.

During the forenoon of the 17th June, General Pélissier called on Lord Raglan, and it was arranged that the allies should open fire at daylight on the 18th, and after any repairs which might have been effected by the Russians during the night, had been destroyed, that the French should assault

the Malakoff, between 5 and 5.30 A.M., the English assailing the Redan at such time as Lord Raglan might think advisable. On that Sunday afternoon, there was perhaps scarcely any one in either of the allied armies, who was not confident that we should take Sevastopol next day. General Pélissier sent his senior engineer officer over to Sir Harry Jones in the evening, to say that he had changed his mind, and in conformity with the advice of his general officers, had determined to assault at daylight; the terms of the message precluded the possibility of effecting any change in this decision. Lord Raglan was at the time riding round the camps, visiting the general officers who were to command the columns next morning, and received this unwelcome intimation only on his return about 8 P.M. He fully realized the dangers incurred by this most unfortunate change, but considering it better to assent rather than create any ill-feeling in the minds of our allies by refusing to co-operate with them, gave, though reluctantly, fresh orders, and his troops, parading at midnight, reached their assigned positions before break of day on the 18th.

I was still suffering from fever, and towards the middle of the day, having slept, missed Captain Peel, and on making inquiries was told that he had gone back to camp. I again missed him there, so returned to the battery. I was cantering my pony up the covered approach, when, within fifty yards of the Lancaster gun, the pony swerved to the right, out of the trench, and stood still, trembling violently. There were many shells bursting near the battery, but none, I noticed, very near, and the pony was generally steady under fire. I applied both spurs, but the pony planted his fore feet on the ground and refused to move, and just as I was shortening my reins to force him on, I heard the peculiar whirr of an irregular mass falling through the air, and a large piece of a mortar shell, which had burst in the air, fell down under the pony's forehead. The pony evidently heard it long before I did.

My chief had gone to see Lord Raglan, so I again missed him. Captain Peel's opinion was valued more and more, and he gained influence daily. I do not think it is generally known that he proposed a scheme for breaking the floating boom, which closed the entrance to the harbor. His suggestion was to lash on either side of his own ship a laden collier, and then, sending every one else below, to himself steer the ship at full speed at the obstacle. It was calculated that the weight of the vessels would break the boom, and, once inside, casting off the colliers, Peel would engage the forts, being supported by the whole of the fleet, which he intended should follow him. Though his plan was not adopted, it, no doubt, gave him increased consideration at headquarters.

I found my chief in camp in the evening, and from some words I caught when entering his tent, gathered that he was arranging with one of the senior officers for the assault. He turned to me and said, "Oh, Wood, you're not well to-day." I replied, "Not very well, sir, but not very ill," to which he said, "You had better go to bed, I shan't want you to-morrow morning."

"I suppose, sir, by that we are going to assault?"

"Yes; and as you are not well enough to go up with us, you will please stop in camp."

"Are you going to take your other aide-de-camp?" I asked.

"Yes; I promised him a long time ago," was the answer.

I left the tent feeling very sulky, but Captain Peel called me back, and, to soothe my vexation, said, "Well, you may go with me as far as the battery, but no further!" I immediately asked, "Is the other aide-de-camp to go with you?" to which he answered in the affirmative.

That evening in our mess-tent I had to submit to a great deal of chaff, for it was known in the camp that Captain Peel did not intend to take me out with him; and on going into one of the messes of which I was an honorary

member, the conversation turned on the impending assault. One of the officers laughed at me in a friendly way for having been forbidden to go beyond the battery. To him I replied, "Barring accidents, I'll bet you I go as far as my chief;" when another officer replied, "I'll lay £5 to £1 in sovereigns young Wood's killed to-morrow." Lieutenant Dalyell replied, "Done; bet's off if I am killed." My friend was more irritated than I was by the remark, and accepted the bet as a rebuke to the man, who, however, had no intention of being unkind.

I tell this story, although it will shock people who fail to realize the difference between peaceful scenes at home and the hardening effects of nine months' constant warfare, with the daily contemplation of losses in our batteries. The question of life and death was discussed with the utmost freedom; and on the afternoon of the 16th June, when returning from a ride to Balaklava, we stopped at a store kept by an old black woman, whom we used to call Mother Seacole, and bought some bottled fruit, which we laughingly agreed should be kept for the survivors of the assault. I was at this time the only remaining officer of fifty who had landed in the Crimea on the 2nd October, 1854. A few had been killed, more wounded, and the remainder sent to England invalided, or for other causes.

About 10 P.M., after charging the sentry near our camp to call me, I fell asleep. The sentry did not call me, in consequence, as I afterwards learnt, of orders given personally by Captain Peel that I was not to be awakened.

The noise made by the men falling in, however, awoke me at midnight, and my brother aide-de-camp kindly came in to see if I was up. We had fully made up our minds that our chief would be killed in the assault, and had agreed to stand by him, or bring in his body. I had been taking large doses of laudanum and other sedative medicines the two preceding days, and on Mr. Daniels leaving me, feeling worn out, I turned over, and slept again till



Michael Hardy, of the *Leander*, came into the tent, and shook me.

Since the episode of the 9th April when I had been much impressed by Hardy's stoical conduct in the scene which had unnerved, or at all events, startled me, he had been working daily under my command. One night, during the month of May, we were employed in replacing 32-pounder guns which had been struck by the enemy's projectiles. The Royal Artillery were in the habit of mounting their 18-pounder guns by means of a tripod-gyn, by which the gun was hoisted, the carriage (garrison) then run underneath, and the gun lowered on to it. The guns used by the Naval Brigade being on ship carriages, a rougher method of replacing those which had been injured was employed.

The gun to be re-mounted on a fresh carriage was put vent downwards, on the ground. The carriage was then placed on the gun, but upside down, being fastened to it by the capsquares;<sup>1</sup> the quoins (or wedges) were placed in position, the breech of the gun being secured to the carriage by a drag-rope passed through the cascable loop. The gun and carriage were thus put properly together but upside down. A long parbuckle rope was then hooked to the carriage and a turn taken round a hand-spike placed in the bore of the gun. Fifty men were placed on the rope, and with a sharp pull they "righted" the gun into its proper position for service. It was necessary to keep the men, when pulling on the rope, in an absolutely straight line, no easy task at night on broken ground, for, if they swayed to either hand, the gun-carriage, instead of coming up properly, fell on its side. This mishap had occurred several times, chiefly owing to the obstinacy of an officer who had recently joined us and was new to the work, and who had, moreover, an irritating manner which made the men sulky. This feeling was increased, when, owing to the noise made during our abortive attempts to mount the

gun, the Russians heard us at work, and put several shells close over our heads.

Presently, a voice from the end of the drag-rope was heard saying, "Will somebody send that — fool away, and put a man there as knows how to do it." The lieutenant immediately ran off to report to the senior officer of the battery that the men were in an insubordinate state. I waited until he was out of earshot, and then called out, "Michael Hardy" (for I had recognized his voice), "drop that, or you will be a prisoner." Not a word more was said, though a couple of shells pitched close to us, as I replaced the men on the rope, and then with a "One, two, three—haul!" the gun came up, *righted on the carriage*. When the lieutenant returned, a few minutes later, with the senior officer, he found the men standing respectfully at attention, and the gun in position.

I am not concerned to defend here my action on that occasion. There may be some officers of my own standing who hold that I should have made Michael Hardy a prisoner on the spot; there are possibly others who, like myself, have seen the patience of men sorely tried by incompetent officers, and judge it best to ignore, in such cases, when possible, hasty expressions, however insolently expressed. Moreover, it is extremely improbable that a court-martial would convict a prisoner under such circumstances. The night was dark, and the only evidence of identity was my knowledge of Hardy's voice. This was, I thought, insufficient to make it worth while bringing the man to trial, apart from my sympathy with the men, and personal regard for the offender. The incident is, I think, however, sufficiently interesting to merit mention as indicative of the relations existing at the time between midshipmen, and those before the mast. We messed with ward-room officers when in camp, and yet acted as a channel of communication between them and the men, a kind of barometer showing the state of feeling amongst the blue-jackets.

<sup>1</sup> The semicircular iron bands which hold the gun down in the trunnion holes.

Hardy, on arousing me, said the ladder party had moved off; to which I replied I was too ill to go out. He answered, "Shure, you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this morning's fun;" and, somewhat against my will, proceeded to dress me. Having accomplished this, he propped me up against the tent-pole while he got my pony, on which he put me, being obliged at first to hold me on to the saddle, for I was too weak to grip with my legs. We hurried after the party, which was now some way ahead, as fast as the darkness permitted, overtaking it soon after 1 A.M., as it reached the 21-gun battery, where I tied up my pony to a gun.

When I reported myself to Captain Peel, who was seeing the men told off into parties, six men to each ladder, and a petty officer to every pair of ladders, I asked my chief if he had thought to bring down a Union Jack, that we might have it up in the Redan before the regimental colors, which, however, as I found later, were not taken out. He regretted that it had been forgotten, but agreed it was then impossible to remedy the mistake.

Captain Peel now sent me with a message to the other end of the battery, and, having delivered it, I was obliged to sit down on a gabion and rest for a quarter of an hour, for I was feeling so weak as to be almost incapable of exertion. The 21-gun battery was a curious scene of confusion. The night was still dark, and what with excited commanding officers looking for the engineers who were to guide us, and the number of men passing into the battery at the same time, meeting and crossing each other on their way, together with the attempts to enforce silence, which were not altogether successful, it appeared at first as if we should never get into our places.

When, after resting, I returned to the right of the battery, where I had left Captain Peel, the ladder party had moved off to pick up their loads, which had been placed by the Royal Engineers in a slight hollow to the north of the third parallel. I went a short dis-

tance towards this spot, and then realizing that the party must come back again towards the Quarries, I walked straight in that direction, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing my chief, who was then engaged in having the sections renumbered to ensure that every man was in his proper place on either side of the ladders. This being done, a tot of rum was issued all round, and we all lay down under a breast-work about three feet high, to the north of the Quarries and a little further to the rear, waiting for the signal, which was to be a flag hoisted in the 8-gun battery. In the interval before the signal was made, Captain Peel sent me on five different messages, none of which were essential, so eager was he that I should be spared from the fire we were about to meet. This I only knew later from a letter written to his brother on the following day, and at the time I was greatly irritated, so much so, that on the last occasion, just at the false dawn, in spite of occasional bullets fired from the Redan, I walked straight across the open towards the rear, instead of going round by the zig-zag. Peel then called me back, giving up the attempt to be rid of me.

Mr. Kinglake, in his history, says, "The night of the 17th-18th was a beauteous midsummer night, and the stars in the heavens disclosed the marches of troops to a vigilant garrison;" while the Staff Officer, writing from headquarters, says, "At 2 A.M., when Lord Raglan left his house, it was so dark that the staff could only ride at a foot's pace." The latter statement is the more accurate, for between two and three o'clock no one could see more than a hundred yards. Possibly from being unwell I was specially susceptible to chills, for I noted in my diary, "there was a cold mist." I am sure, however, we should not accept Mr. Kinglake's statement of the garrison having observed these marches of our troops, and being "thus able to divine in some measure the special plan of attack." The Russians, of course, knew that an assault was impending, and, fortunately for them and

unfortunately for us, Todleben began, at dusk on the 17th, mounting field guns en barbette<sup>1</sup> on the Malakoff, and making every preparation to receive the attack.

At 2 A.M. on the 18th, Second-Lieutenant Khroustchew, Briansk Regiment, who was lying concealed close to the French advanced trenches, reported that masses of troops were collecting in the Careenage Ravine. We know from the French engineer journal that they had begun to concentrate there at 10 P.M. on the 17th. The Russian bugles sounded the assembly, and soon afterwards their long-suffering troops manned the parapets, and a field battery came into action in the gorge of the Malakoff. The allies were getting into position about the same time.

The French, who had abandoned the idea of assaulting the works at and about the Bastion du Mât, put twenty-five thousand men under arms; their assaulting divisions, consisting of about six thousand men each, being led by General Mayran on the extreme right, by General Brunet in the centre, and by General d'Autemarre on the left. These columns were intended to carry all the Russian works extending from the harbor on the north, to the Gervais battery on the south. This last stood between the Malakoff and the Redan. The Imperial Guard was placed as a reserve behind the Victoria fort.

General Pélissier had arranged to give the signal for the advance from the site of the Lancaster battery, but he was late in leaving headquarters, not mounting his horse till two o'clock. His unwieldy figure did not permit of his riding ordinarily beyond a foot's pace, and the darkness of the night would have prevented any one but a bold horseman from travelling faster. He was still some distance from the position he had determined to take up, when the assaulting column on the extreme north went forward. General

Mayran mistook the blazing fuse of an ordinary mortar shell fired from the Mamelon for the signal rocket, and at 3.50 A.M. led forward his division, marching himself in front of the leading brigade, against the batteries standing immediately over Careenage Bay. He had nearly eight hundred yards to cross, and although his men were at first sheltered by the nature of the ground, they were soon met by a heavy fire, not only from land batteries, but from six steamers anchored off the mouth of Careenage Bay, and only a comparatively few men reached the obstacles in front of the batteries. Mayran was severely wounded almost immediately, and shortly afterwards mortally wounded. His troops were rallied by the brigadier, General Failly, and, taking cover, they fired into the embrasures.

General Pélissier had intended that the advance of all three divisions should be simultaneous. General d'Autemarre's division had furnished the guard for the trenches the previous day, and the cooking places had been placed to the south of the Mamelon, on the ground where Brunet's division was to assemble prior to the assault. When this division arrived, the company cooks of D'Autemarre's division were preparing the morning soup, and Brunet's troops were halted to avoid upsetting the cooking pots. Thus the division was late in getting into its position of "concentration."

When General Mayran went out prematurely, the fact of the centre column not being ready, gave the Russians time to concentrate all their fire on Mayran's troops, and when Brunet emerged, marching on the little Redan which lay between the most northern battery and the Malakoff, the Russians relieved from the pressure of Mayran's column, mounted their parapets and assailed Brunet's two brigades with grape, case, and bullets. The heads of the columns were shattered by the terrible shower of missiles poured on to them. The general himself was killed, and the leading part of the column moved too far to its right, halting and

<sup>1</sup> Guns are said to be "en barbette" when they are raised up high enough to fire over the parapet. They thus gain in lateral range, but lose the protection afforded to guns fired through embrasures.

taking cover when within one hundred yards of a battery. Several officers tried again and again to lead the men forward but were struck down, and no substantial advantage was there gained. The other brigade moved three hundred yards rather further south, and some few of the boldest approached the ditch of the entrenchment which joined the Malakoff and Little Redan, but those who actually reached the ditch were too few in numbers to penetrate the work, their comrades lying strewn, dead and dying behind them.

When Brunet's column went forward, General d'Autemarre moved down the Dockyard Ravine, and one of his leading battalions pushed on into the suburb, while a party of engineers got into the Gervais battery without serious resistance. Here they remained for about forty minutes, but not being supported, eventually fell back.

Before I attempt to describe what happened to the stormers sent forward against the Redan, I may state briefly the proceedings of General Eyre's column. On the extreme British left, a brigade under General Eyre was detailed to move down the ravine which separated the right of the French on their western attack, and the left of our left attack. He was directed to seize the works in the cemetery at the head of the Dockyard Creek. He moved off from his point of concentration about 2 A.M., and was approaching some Russian rifle-pits which lay between him and the cemetery, when he was anticipated by the 10th battalion of chasseurs, which carried the rifle-pits by a flank attack.

Eyre, himself a man of great courage, of which he had given many proofs when in command of the 73rd Perthshire Regiment during the Kaffir wars, had, before marching off from parade, stimulated the ardor of his men by a short, burning speech, addressing himself particularly to the premier Irish battalion. This doubtless was, in part, the cause of a mistake which cost us dear, for the troops carried not only the Russian works in the cemetery,

but pushed on to some houses at the foot of the enemy's main line of works in the Garden batteries; these were seized, and held till sunset. This was our sole success during the day, and was achieved at the cost of five hundred and sixty men, of whom thirty were officers, out of a total strength of two thousand.

The Redan, as its technical name implies, was formed of two faces, each about seventy yards in length, meeting in a salient, the line of parapet being continued to the works on either side. The parapet at the salient itself was seventeen feet high, and on the left face fifteen feet above the surface of the ground. The ditch, eleven feet deep, varied in width from twenty feet at the salient to fifteen feet on the faces. As the work was open in the rear, we could not have held it, even if we had got in, so long as the enemy was still in the Bastion du Mât, Barrack, and Malakoff batteries.

The glacis of the Redan was the natural surface of the ground, which met in a ridge on the line of the capital; <sup>1</sup> every part was seen, to some degree, from the adjoining flanks, but they were on a much lower level than the salient. Nevertheless the glacis itself was exposed to fire from the Barrack and Garden batteries, and from the Gervais and other Malakoff batteries. The slope up which the stormers were to pass was covered by long, rank grass, and seamed with holes made by the explosion of mortar-shells, by innumerable rifle-trenches, and by some disused gravel-pits.

The brigade orders issued by the commanding Royal Engineer, laid down that the Redan was to be assaulted by three columns.

Each column was composed and was to move as follows:—

Advanced party:—

Sappers . . . . .	10
Skirmishers . . . . .	100
Ladder party . . . . .	120 <sup>2</sup>
Men carrying bags of hay or wool	50

<sup>1</sup> An imaginary straight line bisecting the salient angle.

<sup>2</sup> Sixty being blue-jackets.

Storming party :—

Bayonets . . . . . 400

Reserve :—

Bayonets . . . . . 800

Workmen . . . . . 400

The left column (No. 1), under command of Major-General Sir John Campbell, was to march on the re-entering angle formed by the right face of the work and its flank, about sixty yards west of the salient. The right column (No. 3), under Acting Brigadier General Colonel Yea, was to enter the Redan at the opposite point to No. 1 column.

The orders for the centre column (No. 2) were ambiguous. They were

To advance upon the salient of the Redan, and force its way into the work.

If the columns 1 and 3 have been successful, No. 2 will remain as a reserve to the columns in its front.

No. 2, after entering the Redan, is to consider itself as a Reserve, and not to advance beyond the lodgement, which the workmen will have commenced.

From the above it was understood that the centre column (No. 2) was not to go forward until those on the flanks had tried to carry the work, but the order is equally open to the construction that this column was to deliver the assault simultaneously with the others, and was to become the reserve after the lodgement had been effected. It is, however, clear, from Lord Raglan's despatch dated 19th June, 1855, that the centre column was to start after those moving on the flanks of the Redan. This was the more unfortunate because the salient was the safest line of advance, and the least swept by shells on the 18th June.

These arrangements apparently contemplated that, covered by the fire of two hundred skirmishers, eight hundred men were to advance for a distance of between four hundred and five hundred yards over open ground, and accompanied by men carrying heavy ladders, eighteen feet in length.

There has been no account written, either clear or satisfactory to my mind, of the proceedings of the left col-

umn, detailed to attack the right face (proper) of the Redan. Mr. Kinglake, who shows generally a most generous appreciation of the rank and file, has, in an apparent endeavor to smooth over the defeat, done but scant justice to some of our comrades. His descriptions were doubtless based on what he had been told by officers engaged in the struggle, and I, therefore, quote (but not verbatim) sufficient extracts to show generally what he intended to convey :—

The head of the left assaulting column crossed the parapet on the signal being given, but the one hundred skirmishers or covering party hung back under the slope close to the western face of the Quarries, and caused others to halt. . . . The foot soldier seemed averse to carrying burdens over a vast space under torrents of fire without having his rifle in his hand. . . . The guiding Engineer was immediately mortally wounded. . . . Colonel Tylden impatiently cheered on the men, asking what they were stopping for? . . . At this moment Lieutenant Graham, who had charge of the ladder party, seeing the impossibility of getting up on the face of the work, asked if he might lead it on the salient, and the colonel replied: "Anywhere as long as you get on," but almost at the same moment the colonel fell mortally wounded. Graham carried his chief a few paces back to a more sheltered spot, and then turned back to the ladder party. The sailors were awaiting orders, but the soldier ladder party had disappeared, and eventually Graham, after showing the most distinguished courage himself, moved the naval ladder party back into the trench, although the men protested that they were willing to go forward with him without any others.

Mr. Kinglake goes on to say, that when the storming party wanted to cross the parapet, the men were stopped and even turned from their course by soldiers who, having absented themselves from their divisions without leave, had crowded into the trench to take part in the attack; therefore the storming party filed off to the left, moving westward, and on coming to the end of an unfinished parapet, thence got up to the Artakoff battery, i.e., the one on the proper right flank



of the Redan. It is obvious that all the stormers had only to follow the general, as some did, and they would have immediately disengaged themselves from the intruding soldiery; moreover Mr. Kinglake weakens his explanation later in his narrative, when he makes Colonel Lord West, who succeeded to the command on Sir John Campbell being killed, lament the fact of there being a parapet to cover the men, for he thought if there had been no shelter he might have induced them to advance.

Mr. Kinglake says that when the stormers went forward in the wrong direction, they were brought back with a loss of only three or four men, but he omits to mention that our burying parties found many dead bodies grouped around Sir John Campbell, and that out of four hundred rank and file, the left storming party lost, in the twenty minutes' work, one hundred and thirteen men, killed and wounded, of whom nine were officers.

From what I have learnt from friends in the column, I believe the following to be substantially accurate.

I do not know if the skirmishers had definite orders, but the ladder party was told to follow them. On the signal being made, the skirmishers, ladder parties, wool-bag men, and a portion of the stormers crossed the parapet, but the skirmishers did not go on more than about fifty yards, where a fold of ground afforded some shelter. One of our officers, pointing to a prominent Russian officer on the Redan crest, asked bitterly, "Since you are so fond of shooting, why don't you shoot him?" The colonel of the battalion forming the stormers was killed as he was crossing the parapet, and several of his men did move westwards, as Mr. Kinglake states.

When Colonel Tylden, who had preceded all others, was hit immediately after answering Lieutenant Graham, that officer, putting down his sword, with the help of a sapper carried the colonel back to a slight hollow fifty yards in rear, and when he looked round the sailors were back inside the

trench, in good order, but the soldier carriers had scattered. General Sir John Campbell went up straight between the salient and the flank of the Redan, where the following day a friend of mine saw his body surrounded by dead soldiers, about twenty yards from the salient of the abatis. When Colonel Lord West heard that he had become senior officer he instructed Lieutenant Graham to take out the ladder party again. Lord West intended to form a fresh covering party of skirmishers, and advance on the Redan with the reserve, which was lying in disorder, taking shelter along the line of parapet, but he did not succeed in getting any formed body of men to leave the sheltered position. Graham took out the sailor ladder party, the men of which were keen to go forward, but seeing Lord West could not get men to follow him, Graham eventually brought back the sailors. Lord West now sent to Sir George Brown to ask for fresh troops, but received an answer that he was to reform his attacking columns. This was found to be impossible.

It was not a practical arrangement to send out only a hundred men to cover the advance of a ladder party, but if sent out they should have been clearly ordered not to halt nor fire until they reached the abatis. I believe they would have obeyed this order or have died in the attempt, as so many of those of the right column did; but the whole arrangements showed our want of experience in framing orders for such operations. I should state, in justice to the men of the left column, that while the storming party of the right column was better handled, I imagine the fire, terrible as it was on our side, was less so than that which met the small party following Sir John Campbell, for it was pelted not only from the (proper) right flank of the Redan, but also from the Barrack batteries, while the attention of the Russians in the Malakoff was devoted to the French, who were, moreover, in the Gervais battery when we advanced.

This is a sad story, but it contains valuable lessons for students of war, and more is often learnt from a truthful narrative of a failure than from expurgated accounts of a brilliant victory, in which the lights only are painted in for the victors, the shadows being assigned to the vanquished.

Some unfavorable comments appeared in letters from headquarters by a staff officer, and in a work recently published,<sup>1</sup> on the leading of Major-General Sir John Campbell. No adequate reasons are given for these statements, and all the evidence we have of his death goes to prove that he behaved very much like all the best generals of the epoch. He had commanded the 4th Division since the battle of Inkerman, and, like his predecessor in that command, was killed at the head of half a battalion. His body was found but a few yards from the point he was ordered to attack, and it is clear that while he showed the most dauntless courage, he fully realized the serious task assigned to him. Immediately before he left our trenches he sent in different directions his aides-de-camp, whose lives he wished might be spared. Nevertheless the last words he said to a subaltern,<sup>2</sup> who for his conduct that morning was awarded the Victoria Cross, indicates clearly his indomitable courage under circumstances which appalled some of his followers. He observed cheerfully, in the language of London society, to the subaltern: "I shall, at all events, be found amongst the *earliest arrivals* at the Redan."

When we recall the conduct of the two generals in immediate command of troops at Inkerman, we find that one who survived and the other who was killed, were always in front with the fighting line. The two cavalry brigadiers, when they closed on the enemy on the 25th October at Balaklava, were from thirty to fifty yards in front of the leading squadrons. The commander-in-chief himself, by the testimony of

his warm admirer, Mr. Kinglake, rode across the Alma River not only in front of our skirmishers, but also through those of the enemy, on to a knoll within the Russian position. This, as Sir Edward Hamley wrote, "was indeed a singular position for a commander to take up," and without even the knowledge of his army.

This personal leading had come down as a legacy from the battles of the earlier part of the century. The commander of seven cavalry brigades charged at Waterloo in front of the leading squadron of a single brigade. The general commanding the 5th Division was killed by a bullet when in his firing line early in that battle, and our Crimea generals only followed precedents which, when successful, are generally applauded. It, therefore, appears to me somewhat unreasonable to blame the determined courage of a man who had only acted up to our traditions.

This habit of generals leading into the thickest of a fight was common not only in the allied armies but also in that of our foe. The two generals of division leading the right and left French columns were struck down in front of their leading brigades, and we learn an interesting episode of the fight in the Karabelnaya, from "Tollenben's Defence of Sevastopol." When a part of the leading battalion of D'Autemarre's division (6th Chasseurs) got into the suburb, it took possession of the ruined houses behind the Gervais battery. While the struggle for these hovels was going on, General Khroulew came up with the 5th company, Sewsk regiment, one hundred and thirty-five of all ranks, which was returning to barracks after being employed as a working party. The general, having formed up the company, himself led it to the attack, the men going on after him with fixed bayonets and without firing a shot. Two other battalions joined in, and though the French fought desperately, each hovel standing a separate assault, the Russians, by pulling off the roofs, succeeded eventually in repulsing the

<sup>1</sup> Letters from the Crimea, by Captain Colin Campbell, of the 46th Regiment.

<sup>2</sup> Now a distinguished general.

French. The general survived, but the captain of the company and one hundred and five men, out of a total of one hundred and thirty-five, fell before the 6th Chasseurs were driven out of the suburbs.

When the French went out, we (seven officers, sixty petty officers and men of the Naval Brigade ladder party of the right column) were all crouching huddled close together, keeping as much under cover as we could. I was lying next to Mr. Parsons, a mate, when suddenly he knocked against me violently, and, as I thought, in rough play. I was asking him angrily to leave off skylarking, when I noticed that he had been thrown against me by the earth driven in by a round shot, and was insensible. This shot killed another man, and covered me with earth.

The French were under a very heavy fire, which lessened the light of the coming dawn, but we realized from the noise that they were not going to seize the Malakoff as readily as they had got into the Mamelon on the 7th June. While we were waiting for our signal a mortar shell fell amongst the storming party close to us, and blew a soldier with his rifle and accoutrements several feet into the air. I had scarcely taken my eyes off him when I saw the signal-flag being run up, and before it broke<sup>1</sup> on reaching the top, I called out, "Flag's up," and Captain Peel, jumping on to the parapet, was followed by the naval officers, and in doing so drew a shower of grape and musketry, which knocked down several men behind us. The Russian infantry mounted their parapets and thence directed on us a succession of steadily aimed volleys. When Captain Wolseley,<sup>2</sup> assistant engineer, who was in the mortar battery with Lord Raglan, saw the masses of Russians awaiting our little strings of men, he said, "Ah! there is no chance for them."

The fire which was poured on us is described by Lord Raglan, who had

himself seen that which met the storming parties of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz (so vividly described in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War"). His Lordship wrote, in his despatch of the 19th June: "I never before witnessed such a continued and heavy fire of grape and musketry;" and in a private letter, "I never had a conception before of such a shower of grape." It is difficult to picture its intensity. Various kinds of projectiles cut up the ground all round us, but yet not continuously in their fullest force. While there was no cessation of the shower of missiles, which pattered on the stony ground like tropical rain, yet every thirty seconds or so, gusts of increased violence came sweeping down the hillside, something after the fashion of a storm as simulated behind the scenes of a theatre.

Peel, standing on the parapet, and waving his sword in the dim light, cheered on our men, shouting, "Come on, sailors, don't let the soldiers beat you." On this appeal the whole of the ladder party ran forward at a steady double, simultaneously with the skirmishers and wool-bag men. The skirmishers started about fifty yards in front of us, in open order, and some, as I saw, went on up to the abatis, where I was speaking to the subaltern of the party, Lieutenant Boileau, 1st Rifle Brigade, when he was mortally wounded. Although I had previously determined to remain with my chief, from the moment we started I lost sight of him. When I was riding down to the battery, so weak and ill as to feel incapable of doing any hand to hand fighting—for a week's diet on tinned milk and rice had left little strength in my body—I realized the value of Hardy as a fighting man. Thinking I would secure, at all events, one physically strong man at my side, I observed to Hardy, who was holding me in the saddle, "When we go out I shall stick to Captain Peel; mind you stick to me." Hardy replied somewhat evasively, "Yes, I'll stick to him if he goes well to the front," and this indomitable blue-jacket fully carried

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, was unfurled by a jerk of the other rope.

<sup>2</sup> Now Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

out his somewhat insubordinately expressed intention.

As the sailors went forward, the storming party detailed from the 34th Regiment was coming out from the trenches, and forming quarter-column by the movement then termed reverse flank—left form, I noticed the men did not flinch, but those coming up on the outer flank were swept down in succession, while the left or pivot men remained untouched. Before we had advanced one hundred yards several sailors had been killed, and I was struck by a bullet inside the thumb, and my sword was knocked five yards away from me. I thought my arm, which was paralyzed by the jar, was off, and I instinctively dropped on one knee, but, looking down, I saw that it was merely a flesh wound, and jumped up hurriedly, fearing that any one seeing me might say I was skulking. On going to pick up my sword, I found it was bent up something in the shape of a corkscrew; so I left it on the ground, throwing away also the scabbard. Having no pistol, I was now without any weapon, but this did not occur to my mind at the moment.

In the mean time my comrades had suffered considerably. The senior lieutenant had been slightly wounded, and my friend Dalyell had lost his left arm, shattered by a grape-shot. Captain Peel was also struck, when about half-way up the glacis, by a bullet which passed through his left arm, and became so faint, that he reluctantly came back, attended by Mr. Daniells, who was the only unwounded naval officer out with our column. He escaped injury, although his pistol-case was shot through in two places, and his clothes were cut several times. Thus, before our party got half-way, I was the sole officer remaining effective. In my anxiety to overtake my comrades, I outstripped the leading ladder-men, and retraced my steps somewhat unwillingly, for I had an intense desire to reach the Redan, if it was only to escape from the shower of case-shot and bullets which fell all around us.

When I re-joined the ladder party,

there were only four ladders being carried to the front by sailors, and I could see none of those entrusted to the soldiers. We had started with six men to a ladder, and a petty officer to every pair. All the petty officers were carrying, having replaced men who had been knocked down. As we went forward we instinctively inclined to our right hand to avoid a blast of missiles which was poured on us from two guns on the (proper) left face of the Redan, but after going another fifty or sixty yards, we came under fire of guns on the curtain connecting the left of the Redan with the Dockyard Ravine, and this caused the column to swerve back again to our left. When I approached the abatis, which I did about fifty yards on the Malakoff side of the salient, there were only two ladders left carried by four and three men respectively. As I joined the leading ladder its carriers were reduced to three, and then the right-hand-rear-man falling, I took his place. The second ladder now fell to the ground, all the men being killed or wounded, and when we were about thirty yards from the abatis my fellow carriers were reduced to two.

There was a young man (ordinary seaman) in front and one man alongside me. The latter presently fell dead, and the young man in front, no doubt realizing a greater drag on his shoulder, for I found the load too heavy for my strength, turned his face round towards me, whom he imagined to be his comrade, shouting, "Come along Bill; let's get ours up first," and before he had recognized me, he was knocked down. I must admit a sense of relief came over me; I felt my responsibility was gone, as even the most enthusiastic commander could scarcely expect me to carry the only remaining ladder, eighteen feet in length, by myself. It was now lying within thirty yards of the abatis, under the slight shelter of which scattered soldiers were crouching; some were firing, and a great many shouting, while above us on the parapet stood Russians four and, in places, six deep, firing at us

and calling sarcastically to us to come in. There appeared very little chance of our being able to take advantage of this invitation; the abatis was about one hundred yards from the ditch at the salient, and where I was then standing, some seventy yards outside it. The obstacle was in itself about four feet thick and from four to five feet high, the stoutest portions of the wood being from six to eight inches in diameter. There were one or two places where we could have pushed through one man at a time, but even then, after crossing the open space intervening between the abatis and the ditch, there was a still more serious obstacle. The ditch, eleven feet deep and about twenty feet broad, was in itself a difficulty to overcome; but twenty-six feet above the bottom of the ditch, there was the huge earthen rampart, on which the Russians were standing ready for us. I realized immediately that any attempt was hopeless unless the remainder of the assaulting column came on, for our storming party of four hundred had dwindled down to something between one hundred and two hundred. Lieutenant Graves, Royal Engineers, coming up to me, asked if I had seen Captain Peel. I said, "Not since we crossed the parapet," and he passed on, being killed almost immediately. He was as calm and collected in manner during these trying moments as he showed himself on the 10th April, when, as I described in the previous paper, a round shot scooped the ground from under his feet.

Just then an officer seizing a bough from the abatis, waved it over his head, and cheerily called on the men to follow, but he was at the same moment pierced by several bullets, and fell lifeless. While looking round, I was struck by the burning courage of a young sergeant who was trying to induce men to accompany him over the abatis. After calling in vain on the men immediately round him to follow, waxing wroth, he said, "I'll tell my right-hand man to follow, and if he fails I'll shoot him." Bringing his

rifle to the "ready," he said: "Private —, will you follow me?" I saw by the sergeant's eye that he was in earnest and stood for a few seconds as if spell-bound. The man looked deliberately up at the hundreds of Russians above us, then to his comrades, as if reckoning the numbers (those near at hand were certainly under one hundred), and replied quietly, "No, I won't." The sergeant threw his rifle into his shoulder with the apparent intention of shooting the man, but in the act of taking aim, struck by a grape-shot, he fell dead.

I now knelt on one knee alongside an officer, and was speaking to him as to our chances of succeeding, when he was pierced just above the waist-belt by a bullet. As he tossed about in pain, calling on the Almighty, I was somewhat perturbed, but I had seen too much bloodshed to be seriously affected, until he called on his mother. This allusion distressed me so much that I got up and walked away along the abatis northward, looking if there were any weaker spot in the obstacle. While doing so, I saw four Russians above me, apparently "following" me with their rifles. Instinctively throwing up my left arm to save my face, I was strolling slowly along when a gun was fired with case shot close to me. The shots came crashing through the abatis, and one, weighing five and a half ounces, struck me just below the funny-bone. This knocked me over, and sent me rolling down the slope of the hill, where I lay insensible.

Just after this moment, Colonel Yea, the acting brigadier-general of the Light Division Brigade, which had furnished the assaulting column, came up to the abatis, and Lieutenant A'Court Fisher, reporting himself, asked, "Shall I advance, sir?" but before Colonel Yea could reply he fell dead. Fisher then turned to Captain Jesse, Royal Engineers, asking "What's to be done?" but he was also killed ere he could reply. Lieutenant Fisher, who was reported to have shown "great coolness, judgment, and decision" being unable to find any offi-



cers senior to him, then ordered all who could hear him to retire, and a bugler repeated the command. Just at the same moment the reserve eight hundred men, under Colonel D. Lyons,<sup>1</sup> advancing, left our trenches, but seeing the survivors of the storming party retiring, conformed to the movement.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but I was aroused by an Irish sergeant shaking me by the wounded arm, which was uppermost, and saying, "Matey, if you are going in, you had better go at once, or you'll get bageneted."<sup>2</sup> My strongly worded reply showed him that I was an officer, which he might well be excused having failed to perceive, for I had little or nothing about me characteristic of the rank. My gold-band cap was lying under my body; a blue monkey-jacket much worn and dirty, a red shirt, and pair of blue trousers, with red silk waist scarf, were all that I had on, having, as I described above, thrown away my sword scabbard when I lost my sword, almost immediately after leaving our trenches. The sergeant informed me that the "retire" had sounded some minutes previously, and that all our people had gone back. He then, in spite of a shower of bullets fired at less than a hundred yards' distance, helped me up tenderly, taking great care this time not to hurt my wounded arm. Then, having put me on my feet, he, bending down his head, ran as fast as he could back towards our trenches. I followed him, but very slowly, heading for the 8-gun battery, for, although I had not felt any weakness since the moment we left the trench on the flag going up, I had now become faint, and could walk only with difficulty, although grape, case, and bullets crashed about me. When I had got about half-way down, I saw several men running, with bodies bent, in a ditch, into which I stepped. This trench had been advanced about a hundred yards towards the Redan in the past week. It was

but a foot or so deep, but with the rank grass three feet high gave some slight shelter. I had gone only a few yards down it when the screams of wounded men who had crawled into the shelter, and who were further injured by the soldiers running over them, caused me to get out of the trench and walk away from it. I had scarcely left it before it was swept by case-shot from three guns in succession, and many of the men who had just been running over their wounded comrades fell, killed or wounded, over them. As I approached our third parallel the last of the reserve, which had remained out to cover the retreat when the "retire" was sounded, were going in.

I was making for a place in the third parallel, where the parapet had been worn down by men running over it, in order to avoid the exertion of going up even four feet, when a young soldier passed me on my left side, and, doubtless, not noticing I was wounded, knocked my arm heavily, saying, "Move on, sir, please." As he passed over the parapet with his rifle at the trail, I caught it by the small of the butt to pull myself up. He turned round angrily, asking "What are you doing?" and while his face was bent on mine, a round shot, passing my ear, struck him full between the shoulders, and I stepped over his body, so exhausted as to be strangely indifferent to my own life, saved by the soldier having jostled me out of my turn at the gap.

On the far side of this parapet there sat a sailor, who had been severely wounded in his right hand, having lost two of his fingers. Feeling how very helpless I had become, I could not but admire the man's coolness and self-possession. He was unable to use his right hand, but with the left he had pulled out of his trousers the tail of his shirt, and holding it in his teeth, had already torn off two or three strips when I passed him. With these he was bandaging up his hand in a manner which would have done credit to any of our ambulance classes of the present day, and he answered me quite

<sup>1</sup> Now General Sir Daniel Lyons, G.C.B.

<sup>2</sup> Bayoneted.

cheerily as to the nature of the wound, on which I addressed him.

I had come to the end of my strength, and was unable to mount the parapet of the 8-gun battery, falling down in the attempt. Two officers came out and carried me in, offering me brandy and water. A friendly doctor, whom I had known for some time, greeted me warmly with "Sit down, me dear boy, an' I'll have your arm off before ye know where ye are." I had some difficulty in evading his kind attentions, but eventually being put into a stretcher, I was carried away by four blue-jackets, a shipmate midshipman, Mr. Peard, who had recently joined the brigade, walking alongside. We met the commander of the Naval Brigade, Captain Lushington, when I was being carried away, and to my great relief he informed me that Captain Peel was alive.

Before we left the battery, the four men carrying me had a narrow escape, for a shell bursting just short of us, ploughed up the ground between the fore and hind carriers. This was the last of my escapes from the enemy, but as we passed through the camp of the 4th Division, the men, in changing arms, managed to drop me out of the stretcher. It was one of those made to roll up, and was kept apart, when in use, by an iron stay; this came unshipped as the men changed shoulders, and I fell heavily on the wounded arm!

While awaiting in the operating tent, with painful anxiety, my turn for the table, I was interested by the extraordinary fortitude of a blue-jacket, who discussed the morning's work without a break in his voice while the doctors were removing two of his fingers at the third joints. I had a prolonged argument ere I was allowed to retain my arm, for a naval officer was then dangerously ill from a wound received a few days before, in which amputation had been delayed too long. The senior doctor present eventually decided on my being allowed the chance, when I disproved the statement of his colleagues that the joint was shattered, by doubling the arm. The moment I

recovered consciousness after the anæsthetic Captain Peel came to see me, and saying that he had got but half-way, asked me to tell him exactly how far the remainder of the party had advanced.

I inquired anxiously for my friend Michael Hardy, of whom I could learn nothing then, but at the flag of truce next day his body was found under an embrasure of the Redan, the only man, so far as I know, who crossed the abatis and ditch that day.

There were fifty-three sailors killed and wounded, and, according to my journal, written at the time,<sup>1</sup> forty-eight of these casualties occurred in the right column, as the left party did not go more than fifty yards beyond our advanced trench.

I slept till three o'clock in the afternoon, when I was awakened by Colonel Steele<sup>2</sup> bringing in a letter from Lord Raglan, condoling with me on my wound, and placing his carriage at my disposition to take me down to Kasatch whenever I could be moved. This journey, which was made two days later, was very painful, for although my friend Mr. Hunter, of H.M.S. Queen, supported my wounded arm as long as he could, yet being himself very ill with fever, he was not able to hold it for the whole of the journey, and the jolting of the carriage caused excruciating pain in the wounded limb which rested on my ribs.

When the last of our effective men had withdrawn, the siege batteries opened fire, and within an hour the fire of the Redan was crushed. This shows the grievous error we made in attacking before we had silenced our opponent's guns. Lord Raglan, having ridden to the Lancaster battery, conferred with Pélassier, with whom he arranged to renew the assault, but later on, hearing from General d'Aute-marre, who was in the front, that the troops were not in a condition to undertake further efforts, the idea was

<sup>1</sup> I do not vouch for its strict accuracy.

<sup>2</sup> General Sir Thomas Steele, who afterwards commanded at Aldershot and in Ireland.

abandoned, and the columns were withdrawn to camp soon after 7 A.M.

Our casualties were one hundred officers and 1,444 of other ranks. The French statistics and Russian are given together for the 17th and 18th. Including prisoners, the French lost 3,551, and the Russians fifty-four hundred.

In summing up the causes which led to our failure on the 18th June, the first and all important one was doubtless the sending forward of any storming parties until the guns in the Redan had been silenced. Lord Raglan has himself recorded that, owing to the smoke of musketry and heavy guns, he was unable to ascertain the progress of the French columns. Nevertheless, it was apparent to him that they were not succeeding, and he therefore determined to launch his troops at the Redan.

It is clear now that it would have assisted the French to a greater extent had we opened fire on the Redan, instead of sending forward infantry; but it is not at all certain that the French would have seen the matter in that light. Whatever view critics may adopt, I suppose no one who went forward on that disastrous morning will ever question the order on which he acted. Whether, however, the assault was to be delivered at daybreak, or after the fire had been subdued, most soldiers will agree with Todleben's opinion. While he praises the courage of the English troops, he states the numbers employed for the assault were entirely inadequate for the task. It may be said generally that we did not know how to undertake so serious an operation as the advance across an open *glacis* of five hundred yards. Personally, I do not think that even the men who conquered at Alma and Inkerman could have accomplished the task, and those to whom it was allotted were not all of the same calibre.

When Sir John Campbell went forward with the left column he brought up the reserve. Colonel Yea attempted to carry the left face of the Redan with five hundred men. Of

these about three hundred were killed and wounded.

It is obvious that the general in command of each column should not have gone forward with the storming party, which only numbered one-third of his command; but then he should not have been in the advanced trench, for, once there, he was as likely to be killed when standing up as he was when moving forward, and he could not command while lying down. He should have been back with the eight hundred men in reserve, and these he should have brought forward immediately the stormers started. Admitting, however, this primary error of the brigadier-generals being in the wrong place, their action appears to have been the best under the very difficult circumstances.

Some of my readers who have followed my narrative may ask, "What is the present state of Sevastopol?" My host, who took us to the Crimea, August, 1894, and all his guests on board the ship, were treated with the greatest courtesy by the governor, Admiral Lavroff, and although I rode about for several days with a large ordnance survey map under my arm, no one offered to inquire even my purpose. A feeling of honor, therefore, made us all refrain from any attempt to examine the existing defences. These, and the strength of the fleet, are probably known to the war ministries of all European nations, but it was not for us, who were received with confidence, to look into such questions.

The beautiful, dazzling white city we attacked in 1854, was originally called Aktiar, from the white rocks on which it was built, first of all on the north side of the harbor. In 1855 we left all on the south side a mass of ruins, destroying the docks and such batteries as the Russians had left intact when they retreated across the harbor, and we used all the timber work of the houses for fuel.

Now, in 1894, the city is resuming its former striking appearance. The Wasp battery (so called by us) on the

northern side, has been supplemented by a number of similarly built earthen defences, a line of which has been carried southwards also, to the Quarantine Bay. This is patent to every one who sails into the harbor. The Russians began in 1858 to reconstruct their naval yards, a private company undertaking the work, which is to be taken over by the government when it so desires. In 1868, when a friend of mine was there, there were spasmodic attempts being made to rebuild the city; but the task was not taken up seriously until 1879, since which time the city has been gradually replaced, and with a finer class of houses than those destroyed forty years ago. The forts which now defend the sea-front were begun about the same time, that is, after the Russo-Turkish war, and the first dry dock was re-made 1883-6, the second being commenced in 1894.

There is, however, one remarkable omission in the reconstruction of Sevastopol which must strike every soldier as extraordinary, and that is, there is no statue in honor of Todleben, the life and soul of the ever memorable defence of the city which, after the Alma, lay at our mercy. Yet it was the genius and courage of that man, nobly supported by all the garrison, which successfully defied France and Great Britain for twelve months. There are memorials to Admirals Nackimoff and Kornileff, but brave men as they were, their services will never be reckoned by posterity as comparing in any degree with those of Todleben.

I mentioned that the Russians have excavated a deep and wide ditch which embraces the hills on which we built the batteries of our right and left attacks. If, however, they wish to secure the dockyard and the ships in harbor from hostile force in these days of long-range guns, it will, from the nature of the ground, be necessary, I believe, to go further up, and fortify Catheart's Hill, the Picket House, Victoria and Inkerman Ridges.

There is so little soil on the hills which we chose for our batteries that

no cultivation has been attempted thereon; thus, in August this year, we had no difficulty in fixing the spot where I reached the abatis on the 18th June, 1854, and the exact spot where Captain G. Wolseley<sup>1</sup> was dangerously wounded in August, 1854.

After the 18th June our operations in the trenches languished. That day we were in our advanced parallel, about four hundred and seventy yards from the Redan. A month later we were still two hundred and twenty yards from that work, and had mounted in our right attack, the only dominant approach, but two additional guns and six mortars. Towards the end of August, however, we showed greater signs of activity, but now our difficulties increased in proportion as the enemy saw we were in earnest. It was nearly impossible to push forward our trenches by daylight, as the leading men were shot down, and at night the moon shone so brilliantly as to turn night into day. The soldiers, moreover, were no longer men in the prime of life, but weedy boys, and on the 26th August, when a Russian shell bursting in the fifth parallel killed a line soldier, his comrades not only retired, but refused to return to retrieve the body. Corporal M'Murtley, Privates Moulker and Fitzgerald, Royal Engineers, however, our rank and file, advanced and brought back the corpse. We did not understand in those days private soldiers were actuated by the same feelings which impel officers to do great deeds, and the official record ends, "the corporal to receive £3, the (privates) sappers, £2 each."

On the 31st August, about 12.30 A.M., a small party of Russians made an attack on our extreme right advanced works. There was no covering party at hand, "and the working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Captain Wolseley<sup>1</sup> to rally them." The Russians destroyed about fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back two hundred yards into the Dock-

<sup>1</sup> Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

yard Ravine, whence they kept up an incessant fire. The Gervais battery, from the other side of the ravine, played on the head of the sap, and in a short time we had twelve casualties out of sixty-five men. When the Russians retired Captain Walseley got some sappers to work to repair the damages, but this was difficult, as he had to labor under a shower of bullets, round shot, and shells, and the work progressed only by Captain Walseley and a sergeant, Royal Engineers, working at the head of the sap.

Walseley was on his knees holding the front gabion,<sup>1</sup> into which a sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the Gervais battery. Walseley was terribly wounded, and indeed the sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp, when he found the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the shin. Strange to say, he did duty, after a rapid temporary recovery, till the armies re-embarked, the shin wound becoming more serious later, when the bone began to exfoliate.

The Flagstaff and Garden batteries, to obtain which the French made such great sacrifices, are laid out roughly as a public park; but, either because they are too far distant from the city, or, as I was told, because several robberies took place in them, but little use has hitherto been made of these recreation grounds. Those who have friends lying buried on Cathcart's Hill will be glad to know that it is kept in very good order. The vice-consul, Captain Murray, Gordon Highlanders, is indefatigable in his care for it. Constant attention is, however, requisite in the summer months to keep it tidy, in con-

sequence of the dry nature of the soil. The slopes on which our divisions encamped are but little changed, except that the farms are better cultivated, mainly due to our water arrangements. It is easy to recognize the site of every regimental camp, and only two years ago an officer found in a cave a stone he had used as a book rest. Where the Third Division stood there is a substantial country house now being built. Kadikoi and Balaklava, if less picturesque, are certainly cleaner and better built than before the war. The ground about them was then covered with orchards laden with plums and apples, and vineyards thick with luscious grapes, while melons and tomatoes grew in profusion. There are even more vineyards now, and the two villages show unmistakable signs of prosperity. Perhaps they are the only places which gained materially from this war.

Sir Edward Hamley, in his short but very able history of the war, adopts a pessimistic view of the permanent improvement attained therefrom as regards our army. He writes:—

We soon reverted to our customary condition of military inefficiency. During the next thirty years, nearly all that remained as the result of the experience we gained in the war were, the present excellent system of our military hospital, the great example of those established at Netley, the framework of the Land Transport Corps, which still survives in the Army Service Corps, and Aldershot camp.

I suppose, after what we learnt in 1870–71, no war minister, nor indeed any general officer, would declare that the force for which he is responsible “is ready down to the button of a gaiter.” Nevertheless, I believe more has been gained, in the advancement to military efficiency, than is shown in the above quotation. The general standard of military knowledge in the nation has, thanks mainly to the volunteer system, been immeasurably increased; I suppose there are few privates now in any branch of the service so ignorant of military terms as were the members of the House of Com-

<sup>1</sup> A cylinder of basket-work open at both ends.



mons forty years ago. It was no doubt very annoying to the government of that time that inquisitive members of the Opposition should put searching questions, as they do at the present day, to the government in power.

When our troops landed at Gallipoli, we failed to provide them adequately with medicine, as I showed in a previous chapter, or with any transport for the sick. We had not at that time got so far as to consider the wants of wounded soldiers! A friend of mine, writing from Gallipoli to a brother officer at home, commented on the needless suffering caused to soldiers who were conveyed from the regimental camps to hospital tents, or to ships lying in the Dardanelles, over unmetalled tracks, in a rough country wagon without springs. This letter was eventually published in a newspaper, and formed the basis of a question asked in the House of Commons on the 25th July, 1854. The war minister was one of the best that has ever sat in that chair, and I quote his answer not to animadvert on his want of knowledge on technical details, for such is necessarily furnished by advisers, but rather to show how different is the amount of military knowledge throughout the country at the present day. I suppose it would be difficult now to find any one even in the House of Commons who could mistake a medical pannier, *i.e.*, a covered basket for holding surgical instruments and drugs, for an ambulance intended for transporting sick men.

It will be observed that the secretary of state at war, as he was then called, was as ill-informed as regards the supply of medicines as he was as to the transport of the sick. Any curious inquirer may read in Hansard the following remarkable record in the debate on the vote of credit taken on the 25th July, 1854:—

EXTRACT FROM "PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES," HANSARD. VOL. CXXXV., PAGE 719.

*Debate on Vote of Credit, 25th July, 1854.*

The secretary of state at war said:—

The honorable member also made another

statement. He said that an officer had written home stating that they had not the means of sending sick men from the camp to Gallipoli, and had been forced to borrow the means from the French. Now I happen to have looked over the list of articles sent out for the hospital establishment, and almost the first thing upon which my eye glanced, was forty pair of panniers *for the conveyance of the sick*. His complaint on this subject, therefore, was not better founded than that which he made with respect to the want of medicines.

This statement is astounding, but what is even more remarkable is that it was accepted by the House. Neither of the Opposition members who were attacking the government, and one was a colonel in the army, knew the difference between a medical pannier and a litter. There are not many members of the House now who are so ignorant of military terms. The country has gained immensely from its increased interest in its army. Whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages arising from our great struggle with Russia, it is certain that our private soldiers have obtained for all time an enduring example of what we ought to endeavor to imitate. Forty per cent. of those who served before Sevastopol in the worst of the winter of 1854 rest there, or in the Scutari cemetery. Destroyed by unnecessary privation, exposure, disease, and undue exertions, our comrades never gave in, and it is impossible for us, the few now remaining who saw them die without a murmur, to forget what England owes to the army we landed in the Crimea forty years ago.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE MAKING OF A SHRINE.

THERE is quite a little market held this beautiful November Sunday morning along the highroad in front of the Church of the Holy Rosary at Valle di Pompei.

A butcher, the single one, has hung out his joints; a fruit-vendor sets forth well-filled baskets of pears, apples, and

grapes; small cafés and osterias have set tables laden with cups and plates on the sidewalk, shaded them with white awnings, and adorned them with white and red flags.

At the shrine of the Madonna di Pompei mass is being performed all day long, the hours of service being arranged according to the arrival of trains, which bring successive crowds of worshippers.

In the early morning the congregation is composed of country-people, mostly women who wear a handkerchief tied over their heads in the unpicturesque fashion of Yorkshire factory girls. Later people arrive by carriage from out-of-the-way places, take lunch at the Restaurant of New Pompei, and make a day's pleasure excursion of their pious pilgrimage, sometimes uniting with it a visit to old Pompei, the ruins of which lie within a stone's throw.

How did this richly decorated and miracle-working shrine arise?

Twenty years ago, this spot of land, wild and rough of aspect, held a small hamlet of scattered huts, called simply Valle, or the Valley; possessing a wayside tavern, and a half-ruined parish church. For many years the place had been noted for its brigands and robbers, and, after the year 1860, became famous as the haunt of the dreaded chief Pilone. It stood on the site of a feudal city of some importance from the eleventh to the sixteenth century.

About 1740 the old town was deserted, the air having become pestilential, probably from some displacement and stagnation of the waters of the Sarno, which waters the whole plain between the mountains. And, at last, there remained only the above-named hamlet, and the scattered cottages of the agricultural laborers.

Much of the land had become the property of Countess de Fusco; the inhabitants began to neglect all religious rites and duties, and sank into a very barbaric state. It was at this period that the parish priest began to use for signing his registers a seal with the inscription "Parish of San Salvatore in

the ancient valley of Pompei," which practice led to the present official name of Valle di Pompei.

The inhabitants, poor and ignorant, became thoroughly stultified, and it not infrequently happened that old people, incapable of work, were forsaken by their families and forced to take refuge in some deserted lime-kiln, or perished miserably and alone in some wretched hut. In bad weather a flood of water ran down the steep southern side of Vesuvius, deluging and destroying the highroad and rendering traffic difficult and dangerous.

In this isolated condition the people grew grossly superstitious, believing firmly in witchcraft. All their actions were accompanied by senseless ceremonies. When a farmer purchased a cow or calf, the owner on leading it out of the stall cast a handful of earth over its back, and hung his mother's spindle to its horns, to keep off the evil eye. If any one broke a limb, or suffered pain of any kind, he sent for a witch, who murmured a charm while making the sign of the cross. In the case of slight ailments, a walk to Torre Annunziata and a drink of sea-water were considered a sovereign remedy. If a peasant desired to be revenged on an enemy, he applied to a professional wizard living in the mountains, who, for a small sum, undertook to rid his customer of the enemy.

Even now some of the inhabitants of Valle di Pompei believe that a man born on Christmas eve will become a wizard or be changed into a wolf.

Not so very long ago highway robbers lay in wait for passing travellers among the ruins of the amphitheatre or the hollows of the pumice-stone hills. In this way the then director of the Bank of Naples was once captured, and only released on payment of a high ransom; and here too a carter and a bailiff were robbed and murdered. Travellers dreaded the Valle, and traversed this part of the highway to Salerno in fear of their lives; and in the "Annals of the Realm of Naples," a note was appended in 1872 to the name of Valle di Pompei which ran as

follows: "a solitary, gloomy, and dangerous locality."

It was in October of that year that a native of Lecce, Don Bartolo Longo, practising as a barrister in Naples and married to the Countess de Fusco, went to Valle di Pompei on some business connected with his wife's estate.

He was met by two of her principal tenants armed with guns, who told him that a certain famous brigand, believed to be dead, was, on the contrary, hiding in the mountains, and often visited Valle di Pompei.

During the course of the day Don Bartolo paid a visit to the parish priest, visited the rotten and small parish church, and learned that the greater part of the parishioners, numbering twelve hundred, never went to church and lived in a state of pitiable ignorance. Don Bartolo was struck with pity for the poor wretches, who could not even send their children to school. He frequently visited the place, and relates how one day, while walking in melancholy mood in a desolate spot, he was inspired by the conviction that there was no better way to save a sinner than by propagating the worship of Our Lady of the Rosary. He vowed to institute that worship in that desolate spot before he died. No sooner had the vow passed his lips than he felt a heavenly calm descend upon his spirit, and, as he heard the Angelus ringing, he knelt down and prayed, rising with the firm determination to fulfil his vow.

He began by visiting the scattered houses in the district, giving presents of rosaries and medals to the inhabitants—gifts that were eagerly accepted, as the bright metal seemed to the people to have at least some monetary value. Most of the people had no idea of prayer, were incapable of repeating the Ave Maria, and seemed inaccessible.

But Don Bartolo soon discovered that they cherished a fond reverence for their dead, and complained bitterly that when any one died, his corpse was carried off to a distant cemetery without a soul to follow it.

Taking advantage of this pious sentiment in the people, Don Bartolo by 1874 had succeeded in forming a Confraternity of the Rosary, the members of which undertook the duty of following funerals and reciting the prayers.

Learning further from the parish priest that the people were very fond of fairs and festivals, games, wrestling-matches and such like, Don Bartolo resolved to institute a festival on the feast of the Madonna of the Rosary in October, and to form a great lottery, the prizes of which, rings and earrings, should tempt the women of the neighborhood to attend. He went to Naples and begged from his friends and acquaintance all kinds of medals, pictures of saints, rosaries, and statuettes, and, at the proper time, took them to Valle di Pompei, together with a hundred crucifixes such as hang at the heads of the beds in cottages.

He arranged a lottery at tickets of two soldi (less than a penny) each, the first five prizes to consist of objects in pure but thin Neapolitan gold. The other eight hundred prizes were formed of the medals, crosses, etc., which he had collected. He ordered a band of music from the town of Pagano, arranged that high mass should be performed in the old church, and begged his own father-confessor to preach on the rosary; there being no picture of the Virgin at Valle, he took there a small lithograph surrounded by the fifteen mysteries, which usually hung at the head of his own bed.

But on the day appointed a violent thunderstorm frustrated all his plans. The neighboring populations and the aristocratic friends he had invited were equally prevented from attending. His father-confessor, preaching to the few peasants who entered the church, used such good Italian that they, accustomed only to the dialect, failed to understand him.

Undismayed by this hindrance, Don Bartolo set to work to arrange another fair and lottery for the following year, to announce which he sent a peasant woman, notorious for her stentorian voice, to all the country-side, while he

himself traversed the neighborhood collecting subscriptions either in money, corn, or cotton. The people responded to his efforts, interested themselves in his plans, and many women, unable to give anything else, parted with their gold necklaces or pearl ear-rings.

This time the festival took place with great success.

Don Bartolo now interested the higher clergy in his work, and a mission to Valle di Pompei was arranged.

In October, 1875, great progress had been made. Already some pious person had presented the old church with a new altar, upon which was placed a statuette of the Virgin. That year's feast was more brilliant than before. So many persons crowded to the church that mass had to be performed at a temporary altar erected out of doors, and the Bishop of Nola administered the sacrament with great pomp. He urged Don Bartolo not to remain content with erecting an altar to the Madonna of the Rosary, but to build a church worthy to be her shrine, and advised his listener to commence a collection for the purpose of *one sou a month*, which no good Catholic, be he poor as he might, would refuse. He himself promised a donation of five hundred francs. Don Bartolo was astounded at this proposal, thinking it impossible with such insignificant means to arrive at the end proposed. Not long after, while conversing with his hosts at the countess's country house just opposite the old parish church, and pointing to a field next to it, the bishop said, "That shall be the site of your shrine!"

The subscriptions were now set on foot, and succeeded beyond expectation. Rich and poor, old and young, were solicited for one sou a month for the purpose of building a church. The clerical mission also did its work; the people were taught to pray. But, according to the rules of ecclesiastical liturgy, the picture before which they prayed must be an oil-painting. Don Bartolo went to Naples with the intention of purchasing one at an antiqua-

rian's shop, and was eagerly wishing to meet a certain Neapolitan friend who would help him to bargain, when the very man appeared before him. Together they ransacked the shops, but the price demanded was always too high. Time pressed, for the picture was wanted at Valle di Pompei for special prayers the very next day. At last Don Bartolo's friend remembered that he knew a nun who possessed an old painting of the Madonna of the Rosary, and the friends sought her out at Porta Medina. She still had the picture, but the paint was peeling off, and the figures were so coarse and vulgar that Don Bartolo cried out in disappointment. "Don't hesitate," said the nun, "take the picture; it is good enough for the people to worship." The picture was large, and now the trouble was how to convey it to Valle di Pompei in time. Don Bartolo remembered that a carrier from the place was in Naples and about to return. To him he confided the picture, himself starting later for Valle by train. When the picture at last reached that place, what was his dismay in finding that it had been brought on the top of a dung-cart! And when he presented it to the three missionaries and other clericals assembled, there was a general smile at the poor old thing, and it was cast into a corner behind the altar. Next day it was given to a painter who was sketching in Pompei, and restored to something like decency.

Shortly the mission ended, and at the close of the year Don Bartolo received from the general of the Dominican order a diploma as founder of the Confraternity of the Rosary in Valle di Pompei, the diploma being confirmed by the Bishop of Nola.

And now, the old picture having been placed on the altar, the rumor spread of a miracle having been performed by its means on a young girl in Naples, who, afflicted with epilepsy, had repaired to the shrine of the Madonna of Lourdes in a church at Naples in vain, but had miraculously recovered her health on the very day of the placing of the picture of the Ma-

donna of Pompei, to whom the sick girl's mother had made a vow.

The news spread like wild-fire; the shrine began to attract universal attention; pilgrims crowded to it, especially on the solemn festivals in May and October; princes, cardinals, priests, and even royal personages joined the confraternity. Offerings arrived from all parts of the world; artisans and artists vied with each other in proposing to work gratis in decorating the future church, and shrines were erected to the Madonna of Pompei in other churches.

On the 8th of May, 1876, the first stone of the new church was laid with great pomp. It is the day dedicated by the Catholic Church to the archangel Michael, who was chosen protector of the new shrine; all the more because tradition attaches to Mount St. Angelo, which towers above Valle di Pompei, the apparition of the saint in the seventh century to the Bishop of Castellamare, St. Catellus, enjoining him to build a chapel on the summit, while at the same mount a pure spring of water issued at the spot indicated, which still quenched the thirst of pilgrims thither until the year 1860, when the brigands took possession of the chapel as a hiding-place, and it was destroyed by the soldiers to get rid of the brigands. The marble statue of the archangel placed by St. Catellus in the chapel still exists, and is worshipped in the cathedral of Castellamare.

The day of the laying of the first stone of the new church at Valle di Pompei was superb. A tent was erected on the ground containing an altar with the picture of the Virgin. The Bishop of Nola, attended by a long train of priests, performed mass. The crowd of peasants was immense, and more than three hundred distinguished personages attended the ceremony.

On the anniversary of this day ten years later, a delegate from the pope, Cardinal La Valletta, was able solemnly to consecrate the high altar of the Madonna of the Rosary in the new

church. Leo the Thirteenth himself blessed the marvellous diadem of diamonds, sapphires, and other precious stones that, in the Italian fashion, was placed on the surface of the picture in the spot it would have occupied had it adorned a statue. The Virgin has, besides, a necklace of brilliants forming the word Rosario. A shining star is on her brow; two rich solitaires form her ear-rings, and the rosary which she gives to St. Catherine, and that which the infant Jesus presents to St. Dominic, are also formed of diamonds. The Virgin's shoes are of gold and diamonds, her mantle is starred with them, and beneath the picture precious stones form the words *Ave Maria*.

Before being placed on the rich high altar, the picture had been again restored by the celebrated Neapolitan painter Maldarelli, who ascribed the lovely expression of the Madonna's face to an especial grace conferred on his art by her.

The shrine of the Madonna of Pompei has become the possessor of innumerable ecclesiastical privileges, and the pope has taken it under his immediate jurisdiction; the church is adorned by marbles from Bagnères and Carrara, by large modern sacred pictures in its six side-chapels, and by Venetian mosaics. The façade is still wanting, but the marble for that is being prepared, and this year the inauguration of this final work will take place.

And now we will briefly relate, as an instance of faith in the nineteenth century, the story of one of the most striking miracles attributed to the Madonna of Pompei, attested to by the then Bishop of Lacedonia, the town in which it occurred, by the Bishop of Nola, and by numerous witnesses, who legally signed their depositions at the instance of Don Bartolo, "so that," as the latter says in his account of the affair, "unbelievers may have no reason to deny the miracle."

Maria Antonietta Balestrieri is the daughter of a respectable postmaster in the town of Lacedonia, in the province of Avellino. She lost her mother when



she was only three years old. Her father married again, and in the year 1887 the stepmother and daughter both joined the 'Confraternity of the Madonna of Pompei. In 1888 Maria Antonietta was a beautiful, healthy girl of nineteen years of age, but on the 6th of April of that year she was attacked by a terrible malady, which crippled all her limbs, distorted her spine, and at last reduced her to a state of the greatest misery. From the contraction of the muscles her hands were tightly closed, and the finger-nails penetrated the palms, causing deep wounds. The patient could scarcely endure nourishment; her left cheek was paralyzed, and her mouth drawn to one side. She was reduced to a skeleton, and her eyes could bear no light, so that she preferred to remain in total darkness. By and by the physicians gave up all hope of saving her life. In these straits Antonietta's whole family resorted to prayer, and, with the father at their head, recited the *novene* of the Madonna of the Rosary, and repeated the fifteen mysteries. On the 10th of July of that year (1888) Madame Balestrieri wrote to Don Bartolo at Valle di Pompei, begging that the orphans of his asylum should hold a nine days' supplication for her stepdaughter. On the 21st of July Antonietta's condition was such that extreme unction was administered. But she still lingered. One night, the 29th of July, she begged to be left quite alone, recited the prayer to the Madonna, and had arrived at the words "Have pity; show thyself to me!" when a bright light struck her eyes, which, to her amazement, felt no pain from it. In the midst of the light appeared the figure of the Madonna of Pompei clad in a snow-white robe, a blue mantle, and holding a wreath of roses. In a soft voice the Virgin spoke, "Antonietta, wilt thou come to Pompei?" "Ah! Holy Mother," answered the patient, "how can I? I am lame and a cripple." "Rise," continued the Virgin, "thou art healed." "Ah!" sighed the girl, "I cannot even move!" Then the Madonna laid her hands on

the breast and side of the girl, and lifted her into a sitting posture, again saying "Thou art healed."

"O Holy Mother!" exclaimed Antonietta, "I would rather die than live a cripple." "No," said the Madonna, "thou shalt not die, but live and proclaim my power in all Lacedonia. Tomorrow thou must rise, partake of the sacrament, and after that thou must pilgrim to the shrine at Pompei. Take off thy shoes at its threshold, and move on thy knees to the altar. Whatever grace thou desireth, turn to me; I am thy mother." With that the vision disappeared, and Antonietta remained sitting on her bed in the same position. She then began to try her limbs. They could move! She stretched her arms, opened her hands, rose from her bed, and walked. Beside herself with joy, she was about to run to her parents, but, fearing that they would take her for a ghost, she laid down again, waiting impatiently for day. But long before dawn her father came to see how she was. She told him what had happened, and that she would start for Pompei that very day. He believed she was delirious, but she rose from the bed and proved that she was cured. The news soon spread in the town, and friends and relations crowded to the house. In the early morning Antonietta went to the church, the bells were rung, and the whole population crowded to see the restored girl take the sacrament. The rector of the oratory addressed a moving sermon to the people. When the family physician arrived at the house, he found his patient well, the wounds on her hands had healed, she could eat and drink; on the 10th of September Antonietta began her pilgrimage, starting with her whole family, to the number of thirty persons, in carriages to Pompei. The journey lasted three days, and at every halt the miracle was proclaimed. When the pilgrims reached the shrine, they bared their feet, reaching the foot of the altar on their knees. Antonietta had fasted on bread and water during the journey, and now received the holy sacrament, thus fulfilling the be-

hest of the Madonna. When the party were about to leave the shrine for home, she declared her decision. She would dedicate her life to the Madonna of Pompei, and, in spite of the grief of her parents at parting with her, she entered the Orphan Asylum, where, to this day, she devotes herself to the education of the orphan girls.

It will be understood that the news of this miracle, with numberless others which accompanied and followed it in various parts, industriously proclaimed and published, greatly inflamed the imaginations of the south Italians. During the next three years gifts and subscriptions poured in, pilgrimages to the shrine increased in frequency, and the number of persons, till every May and October sees many thousands of worshippers at the shrine.

And from the very first the practical result of all this religious exaltation and zeal, kindled by the enthusiasm of one man, began to show itself. Don Bartolo established a printing-office, a female orphan asylum, and workmen's houses; sent forth to all parts of the world a monthly pamphlet entitled the *Rosary and New Pompei* which related the story of the shrine, and gave detailed accounts of the miracles, favors, etc., accorded by the Madonna, which, when the miracles were cures of diseases, were accompanied by attestations signed by the physicians who had attended the patient; an office was opened where subscriptions were received and photographs of the miraculous picture, rosaries, and medals dispensed. This nucleus of a new city grew; roads were laid out bordered with trees; a stately avenue of plane-trees, called the *Via Sacra*, led to the little station; playgrounds and a day school were added to the orphan asylum; a large square with a fountain was laid out; an hotel rose opposite the house of the De Fuscis; a meteorological observatory was built on the roof of the orphanage, from which a splendid view of the volcano and the Sorrento coast is obtained, and, backwards, of the majestic mountains that on all sides border the valley. A phar-

macy, a post and telegraph office were likewise built by Don Bartolo; a large shop for the now increasing sale of pictures, crosses, rosaries, and medals was opened on the ground floor of the De Fusco mansion, and the highroad in front of the rising church was paved.

The organ of the handsome church, the cupola of which is now a conspicuous object in the valley, deserves special mention. It was built in the celebrated atelier of Signor Inzola at Crema, according to the models exposed at the Musical Congress at Paris in 1860. A full orchestra, and all the different human voices, soprano, alto, tenor, contralto, and bass, and the  *voci bianchi* —that is, a faint echo as if from a heavenly choir—are represented, and a special gradation called  *unda maris* , or sea-wave. The organ numbers sixty-one full registers, has three key-boards and thirty pedals; the pipes number twenty-two hundred; the pedals for forte and mezzo-forte are worked by an electric-pneumatic system, and also the wind is supplied by a dynamo-electric machine—the first application of this kind in Italy.

This organ was inaugurated in May, 1890, when it was played by several of the most famous organists in Italy. The permanent master is a blind man, and it is he who teaches the orphan girls to sing.

From the dynamos of the typographical establishment the chief buildings of the little town, its streets and shops are lighted by electricity. The printing-office is supplied by a number of presses on the newest models, which are constantly busy. In the year 1886, four hundred thousand printed prayers were sent out to all quarters of the world. Numbers of publications are forwarded gratis; yet still the sale of the others makes profits which help to defray the expenses of the orphanage and schools. Of the two monthly publications ninety thousand copies are sent out each month. The side of a large room is taken up by shelves filled with the addresses on labels of people in all parts of the world. About sixty little girls of the Orphanage help the

work by gumming the covers, folding up the magazines in them, and labelling them for the post.

The little post-office has enough to do. Thousands of letters and telegrams arrive every day for Don Bartolo, the telegrams being chiefly a request that the orphans shall recite prayers for sick persons. The little railway station on special festivals has to prepare for the alighting of some one hundred thousand pilgrims; while, exclusive of this, the yearly average of visitors by train is forty thousand.

And the money for all this, for the different works, for the keeping up of the orphanages, for the employés, who number two hundred, and the food of the children, who are now nearly two hundred also, and will soon be a thousand, does not come from any funded income. On a Saturday night, when wages, etc., are paid up, Don Bartolo's cash-box is often empty, but before the next Saturday arrives it is again full.

Let me now briefly describe the crowning work of Don Bartolo, who, whatever Protestants may think of the superstition from which he chiefly derives his resources, is one of the most sincere philanthropists of modern times—an Italian "General Booth." Last May he opened a provisional "Home for the Sons of Prisoners," in expectation of a magnificent asylum, for which he has all the plans ready, which is to hold five hundred of these abandoned children. Don Bartolo's idea is to save the most neglected class of *innocent* children—the children of convicted criminals, who do not come within the scope of government or private orphan asylums, and who are branded at their birth with the crimes of their parents. In his appeal for this interesting work, delivered at Valle di Pompei on the 31st of May, 1891, Don Bartolo rightly called his institution "an entirely new Christian work," of which there was no example in any Catholic nation. He pointed out that England has been foremost in establishing societies for the reclaiming of prisoners, and for reformatories for criminal children, but that the class of

*innocent* children who were the inheritors of the crimes of their parents had never yet been cared for.

The number of boys in the provisional home is now nearly half a hundred. They look healthy and happy, and the general type of their features is not of a degraded kind. Like the orphan girls, they are lodged in bright, airy, sunny rooms, arranged after the latest hygienic principles. The spacious vaulted, whitewashed dormitories of the boys, with their deep borders of Pompeian red, and the plump beds covered with red quilts, look specially comfortable and cheery.

The boys are taught all kinds of crafts, and each plays a musical instrument. A large number are employed in the printing-offices, and I saw a small lad, a little "compositor" of ten years, setting up the type of one of the pretty little tracts which are entitled "Little Reading-books (*piccole letture*) edited by the sons of prisoners." One of these small books, lately published, and written by Don Bartolo, relates the story of the "Wreck of the Utopia," giving a thrilling description of the incidents of that disaster, and telling how an Italian and his little boy, emigrants, and both members of the Rosary of Valle di Pompei, though they were natives of a place in the province of Avellino, were saved from death by miracle. The father, when nearly engulfed by the furious waves, was caught up by an English launch belonging to the Anson. The author pays a well-deserved compliment to our English tars; he says the crew of the Utopia performed prodigies of valor and self-sacrifice in saving the poor emigrants. The son of the emigrant thus saved, a boy of ten, was, according to his own tale, looking over the side of the sinking Utopia when suddenly he saw a boat below him, and, calling two fellow-boys of his own province, descended into it. They found there only a single old sailor, who rowed them quickly to land through the furious waves. What boat it was, who was the sailor, was never known; and among the emi-

grants who were saved the story ran that the old man had been St. Joseph, who possesses a chapel in the shrine at Valle di Pompei, and took compassion on the little worshipper of the Madonna of the Rosary. The father, who had given up his son for lost, met him at the hospital in Gibraltar, and at once dedicated him to the Madonna of Pompei, in whose service the lad remains to this day. The boys also print their own monthly magazine, the *Valle di Pompei*, in the last number of which are some zincotype portraits of the first boys received, and an essay by Don Bartolo on the moral and social aspects of his institution, which he believes not only to be eminently religious in its scope, but highly important in the services it renders to the State and to science. He declares that when Italy shall possess ten such establishments, each holding only three hundred boys, penal statistics in Italy will be able to show a yearly diminution of one hundred and fifty thousand crimes. This is calculated on the number of crimes found to be committed on an average by as many boys who have not been saved from their criminal environments.

The effect of his home for prisoners' sons on their parents in prison is already shown by the number of affecting letters received by Don Bartolo. He has already received no fewer than three hundred and thirty-five letters from forty-two different prisons, forming a chorus of thanks and blessings, and the number is great when it is considered that, in order to write one of these letters, the prisoner must sacrifice the letter he might have written to his own parents or wife.

The boys are admitted to the home at a very early age, and do not leave it unless they wish to do so. All nations are accepted. None are taken whose parents or parent are condemned to prison for less than twelve years, it being wisely considered that all would be wasted if the boys were fetched away by a released father or mother before being well confirmed in the new way of life. But space forbids full

allusion to the wide-spreading and ever-increasing influences of Don Bartolo's eminently philanthropic work. The fact remains that the little germ town of Valle di Pompei is interesting to all who wish to study the results of faith and modern Christianity in one of its many forms.

Valle di Pompei, which has now become important enough to be placed under the care of a vice-syndic, owes its existence to the religious sentiments, the energetic will, the highly industrial talent, and the benevolent heart of a single individual, who has engaged the sympathies and help of the whole Roman Catholic world, and who, while his shrine of the Madonna of the Rosary has been called by a French priest the "Lourdes" of Italy, can, in the educational and industrial portion of his work, show results which appeal to the sympathy of all.

As I write these closing words the pictures arise before me of healthy, cheerful children hard at work or at play, or singing sweetly to the accompaniment of a splendid organ at vespers; of a black-robed pilgrim kneeling and clinging to the altar the whole night in the darkened church, praying for the recovery of her sick husband; she kneels and clings, her hands clasped on the white altar-cloth, her eyes raised to the picture of the Madonna above her, shining in all the splendor of its gems and of its fifteen never-extinguished lamps.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
GENERAL BOULANGER: AN OBJECT-  
LESSON IN FRENCH POLITICS.

NOTORIETY needs usually time to grow; it is only in rare cases that it sprouts abruptly. Even General Boulanger, who acquired a prodigious quantity of it, did not rush upon the world between night and morning. It is true that, when his moment came, he burst out eruptively, but he had to pass previously through a period of preparation; several months elapsed, after he

was first heard of in Paris, before he became a personage. In 1885 the papers began to mention an unknown general called Boulanger, who held a command at Tunis, and who had made himself conspicuous there by a noisy quarrel with somebody. No notice was taken, however, of the name, until it was announced, additionally, that this same general had so ingratiated himself with the Radical party that he was certain to be taken up and pushed on by them. Even then most people continued to be unaware of his existence. But it ceased to be possible to go on ignoring it, for he was thrust forward so determinedly by the Left—who at that time imagined they had found in him a man after their own heart—that, at the beginning of 1886, M. de Freycinet, chief of the Cabinet of the day, was forced to appoint him minister of war.

A "legend" began instantly to form; rumors, assertions, fables filled the air with strange rapidity; within a week of the nomination everybody professed to know everything about the newcomer; every mouth was crammed with news; the town buzzed and blazed with fantastic details. Notoriety detonated at last with a deafening roar; its fuse had been burning slowly up for months, but when the explosion came it was tremendous. People stopped each other in the street to add something wonderful to the heap of wild tidings. To quiet French natures (of which there are a good many) the situation became a sudden nuisance; to the foreign looker-on it brought out, vividly and amusingly, the *gobe-mouche* tendencies of the large minority. This acquaintance whispered to you with profound conviction, "We have got a man at last." That one murmured, with still deeper earnestness, "I tell you—I know it for a fact, though I cannot mention my authority—that he is capable of everything, will do everything, and will succeed in everything." A third, with mystery, intensity, and awfulness, pointed to the sky and muttered, "The day is coming! Revenge and victory!" Others, again, a good

many others—but they were all, of course, Conservatives—declared that this untried general was simply an additional danger; that he was choked with ambition, vanity, and presumption; and that he would lead his country to destruction. So, on one side, it was asserted that a saviour had arisen for France (I wonder if I could count up the various "saviours" I have heard of there); and, on the other, it was alleged, with equal infallibility, that a fresh and vast peril was looming in the sky. And these two absolutely opposite affirmations were expressed about the same man by a quantity of people, not one of whom knew anything whatever about him, excepting what they read in the papers or heard from each other, and not one of whom had ever seen him.

The question of getting a sight of him, of perceiving him in his real person, and otherwise than by his photograph (which was in every shop window), was discussed widely, but uselessly. Everybody, in each of the two camps, was excitedly curious to behold him; but the curiosity remained unsatisfied, for the general hid himself behind the walls of his ministry. Excepting at the Chamber, where, occasionally, he made red-hot Republican speeches which were cheered delightedly by the Left, he was not to be discovered. He was said to be working so overwhelmingly at the entire reorganization of the army and the War Office, and at gigantic projects for reconstituting France and Europe, that he had neither time nor patience for more worldly gatherings. Even in the Bois in the morning he was not amongst the riders.

Naturally, this invisibility stimulated still further the gaping eagerness of the public, and if it was adopted for the purpose (as very probably it was) it succeeded admirably. The "legend" that had leaped up round the name of Boulanger was swollen daily by reports (usually in the minutest detail) of what the unperceivable general was doing, of the universal changes he was effecting, and by vague but prodigious hopes



aroused by the action that was attributed to him. A French army at Berlin, the Koenigsplatz column of victory transported to Paris and set up as a trophy in front of the Madeleine, were talked of by the most enthusiastic as possibilities of an early future. Imagination rioted. The supposed artificer of all these dreams was sought everywhere and found nowhere; but the crowd grew more and more convinced that he was nurturing astonishments and hatching history in his laborious seclusion. If by accident or obligation, he did go anywhere, it was solely to official houses, for, in consequence of the rupture between society and the Republic, functionaries are rarely seen in private drawing-rooms. Now, as official houses mean only those of French ministers and of foreign diplomatists, it was in the latter alone that people of society (who never set their feet in the former) could hope to satisfy their inquisitiveness about the new man. It was amusing to hear them put earnest questions about the chance of meeting him at this embassy or that legation, and to observe what a gathering there was at any place where it was imagined he might appear. This excitement contributed most fertilizingly to the growth of the earlier constituents of his ephemeral reputation.

Like the people round me, I grew curious too. It was indeed scarcely possible to remain indifferent on a question which, in some shape or degree, was agitating everybody. But though I went about expressly to look for the new general, I never happened to encounter him indoors until he had been for more than three months in office. I had, it is true, perceived him in the Chamber, and had heard him speak there; but that view of him was of no use, for as French ministers, when sitting in their places in Parliament, turn their backs to the public, and as, when in the Tribune, they are acting a special part, I could not base any opinion on such insufficient evidence.

At last I received an invitation to meet him at dinner, and commenced on

that occasion the slight and superficial personal acquaintance I had with him. When he was announced, a quiet man came in at the door, with eyes that, at a distance, looked mild, without a symptom of either the vaunting arrogance which I had heard imputed to him by his enemies, or of the commanding superiority which was attributed to him by his friends. He showed no vulgarity and no forwardness, no energy and no signs of character. His manner, watched from five yards off, seemed quiet and unpretending. He looked so thoroughly nobody that, if I had not known who he was, I should have turned my eyes away from him with indifference. My first impression, at a distance, was that there was absolutely nothing in him.

Oddly enough, I chanced at table to sit next to a lady who belonged to a family of soldiers, who was thoroughly acquainted with the history of General Boulanger, and who told me more intimate details about him than I had heard before. After describing to me many circumstances of his career and conduct, she went on to say that he was known in the army as a *metteur en scène*; that he could do nothing simply; that he had always an extraordinary faculty of getting himself remarked and of compelling notice; that he succeeded in giving an appearance of studied effect to his most insignificant proceedings, so much so that it was said of him by his comrades, "O, that fellow! he has a way of his own for doing everything; even if he gets wounded in action, he manages it so as to attract attention." This description was not only much more analytical and psychological than anything I had heard before, but it seemed also far more likely to be exactly true.

In the evening I was introduced to the general, had some talk with him, and examined him attentively, with the result that I had to alter my first impression about him. The mouth, which in vainglorious faces is the most tell-tale feature, was concealed by the moustache and beard; but its divulging action was performed for it by a

peculiar and singularly self-conscious movement of the muscles of the upper part of the cheeks, which corresponded, necessarily, to analogous workings of the invisible lips. The eyes, which had seemed to me so placid—almost dreamy, indeed—at a distant view, were filled to overflowing, when seen close, with a contented but transcendent conceit, which at moments became positively glaring. He was evidently not at his ease; the shield of indifference behind which he tried to shelter himself concealed nothing; the need of self-assertion pushed it aside continually, and the real man stood visible. The physiognomy, the ways, the movements, fitted thoroughly to the bad side of his reputation, and I had to recognize that I had judged him far too favorably on his arrival. Seen from far, and seen from near, there were two different persons in him. The eyes, above all, at that moment of his career when, around him, all was clamorous popularity, and when, before him, all was hope, were astonishingly suggestive of aggressive vanity; and yet, notwithstanding this, the expression, on the whole, was weak—indeed its feebleness was as clearly indicated as its conceit. It is true that the two usually go together.

Still, though I regarded him after dinner far less favorably than before, I could not help making excuses for him. He had jumped with violent abruptness, unprepared by character or by previous contact with the political or social world, to the highest position open to a French soldier; he had become master of the army, and a figure before Europe; his situation and his reputed power as a statesman were boiling higher every day; the destinies of his country were supposed to lie in his hands, and a portion of the nation was looking up to him as a heaven-sent leader to the glorious unknown. In all this there was enough, and a good deal more than enough, to spur on a vain nature, and to turn a feeble head. He had been taken up as a tool by others, and had committed the not unnatural

mistake of imagining that he was capable of working for his own hand. He had extenuating circumstances in his favor, supplied by the folly of many of his own countrymen, whose adulation he was impotent to resist. The mixture in his face of shallowness and self-sufficiency explained the man. From that first meeting with him I had a strong suspicion that his ambition, whatever might be its extent, would be neutralized by the indecision of his character.

After that dinner I met him from time to time, and had occasional short talks with him. He touched on many subjects, but he did not seem solidly acquainted with any of them, and had no brilliancy of conversation. He inspired me, more and more, with the conviction that his dominating need was to show off, without any accompanying consciousness that he would be found out if he went beyond his depth. I watched him with amusement, but with little real interest, and saw, in almost each of his words and acts, unceasing preoccupation about the effect he was producing. He was almost always surrounded, at the evening receptions where I met him, by a circle of flatterers and starers. He had ample opportunities for satisfying his longing to be remarked; and I used to wonder, while I watched him, what there could be in him to explain his success. The more he struggled to conceal his vanity and to appear indifferent, the more did he show his innate self-assertion; at least, that was the impression which grew stronger in me each time I saw him. He was irritable, too, and especially could not support the semblance of a contradiction; he was convinced, apparently, that it was everybody's duty to agree humbly with so great a personage as he had become. He did try, I think, to behave with a certain bonhomie, but it was not natural. It seemed that a voice was always coming out of him, proclaiming, "I am the future!" And yet, with all this, he was at moments almost sympathetic; he did not possess charm, but he could be what

the French call *calin*, and when occasionally he took the trouble to be so, he became agreeable.

He was not liked by women, many of whom professed to be afraid of him and avoided him; indeed, at that period of his career, I rarely saw him talk to women—it was only later that a few of them began to offer him attentions. His main object then appeared to be to influence men, and, on the whole, he succeeded amazingly in doing so.

One night, at the Elysée (where almost anybody with a tail-coat can go in), the general was, as usual, in the middle of a gazing group. Suddenly he grew tired of being stared at and commented, turned sharp round, and walked rapidly into another room. I happened to come up just at the moment, and found myself for an instant next to a middle-aged man, who, from his appearance, was probably a small provincial functionary or trader, brought there by the deputy of his *arrondissement* to see the show. The man followed Boulanger with his eyes, as he vanished in the crowd, and said aloud, just as I passed by, with the aggrieved air of a sight-seer robbed of his spectacle, "Well, a fellow who runs away like that won't lead others when the time comes." Those words came back to me afterwards when the general had not only failed to lead others, but had run away again himself.

On another occasion, elsewhere, a friend to whom I was talking said to me, as we looked across the room at Boulanger, "We modern French have become a nation of idolaters. It is absurd to go on calling us Christians. We are always eager to worship a new earthly god, provided he shines, and only so long as he shines. When he grows dim we smash him." At that instant some one at my side said, "Bon soir" to me, I turned and saw M. de Lesseps. For him, too, I had sad reason to remember, later on, the words, "When our god grows dim we smash him." It was a strange coincidence that he should have appeared that night just as they were spoken.

So things marched on until the 14th July, the great day of Boulanger's life, so far as popular admiration and exterior manifestations were concerned. It was the date of the appearance of the black horse, the horse that became, for the time, a party symbol, a political finger-post, a feature in the history of France. He was a prodigiously showy horse, as gorgeous as he was famous; he was composed principally of a brandishing tail, a new-moon neck, a looking-glass skin, and the action of Demosthenes. He seemed to possess two paces only, a fretting walk and a windmill canter. He was a thorough specimen of what the Spaniards call "an arrogant horse;" he was gaudy, yet solemn; strutting, yet stately; flaunting, yet majestic; magniloquent, yet eloquent. He was drilled with the most admirable skill; his manners were so superlative that, with all his firework display, he could not have been either difficult to handle or tiring to sit. Never was a horse so emphatically suited to his rider; the two were identical in their ways; each was as gilded as the other. As the horse bounded, the general (who had a weak grip) rocked on him; at every stride he swung harmoniously in the saddle, and bent right and left alternately, like a stage sovereign bowing to his assembled people. The entire pageant was wonderfully got up for its purpose, with the rarest perfection of both preparation and execution. The man, the horse, the ribbons and stars, the white feathers, the plunging and the swinging, were all exactly what they ought to have been to delight and fascinate the mob. The means were so triumphantly appropriated to the end, that two hundred thousand spectators screamed themselves sore with rabid enthusiasm. They flamed with frantic raving. That soldier and that horse incarnated so livingly the popular idea of glory, that every soul in the long lines of crowd grew utterly demented. The yelling became, from minute to minute, more and more furiously mad. And the general, feeling that his work was good, rocked, swung, and

smiled, and then smiled, swung, and rocked.

Around me, in the tribune where I sat, the feeling was of another nature. I was in a group of widely experienced people, who were all particularly competent to form and express opinions about conduct, to judge of the fitness of means, and to appreciate the value of results ; and their impressions were, almost unanimously, strongly hostile to the performance we were beholding. Two or three of us argued against the others, that we had before us a pretender, who was appearing for the first time in official splendor before the population he desired to subjugate ; that, knowing unmistakably how to strike the imagination of that population, he adopted processes consummately adapted to that purpose ; that being intimately aware of the peculiar appetites of the fish he wanted to catch, he threw to it the very fly it longed to swallow ; and that, in consequence of all this, his flashy meretricious acting, though in the most deplorable taste in the eyes of men and women of the world, was entirely in situation towards the mass. We urged that we were looking at a play, which must be measured as a play, and that we were outside real life, the rules of which had no application to the extravaganza represented before us. The exhibition in itself was of course mere vulgar ostentation, like a court procession in the theatre of a fair ; but the political effect which was manifestly produced by it seemed to us to constitute, under the special circumstances of the case, some excuse for the tawdry details of the display. The majority, however, would not listen to us ; the mummery was too offensive to them, — they could see in it nothing but its bedizened swagger.

When the last regiment had marched past, another act of the piece commenced. The general turned his horse round, and, alone, came plunging and rocking across the few hundred yards of turf which stretched between him and the tribunes. He increased his speed as he got near, dashed through

the opening in the rails and pulled up sharp, all foam and feathers, in front of M. Grévy, saluting as he halted.

This beat the crowd, and broke them ; it was more than they could stand. Wildly they rushed in everywhere, disregarding sentries and policemen, and came tearing towards us, waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheering, shrieking, roaring, as if Boulanger were the one joy of their lives. Howling thousands filled, in half a minute, the whole space in front of the presidential tribune ; in the midst of them the general rocked softly, and did his best (though very unsuccessfully) to look indifferent. As I was in the next tribune, and watched him with a glass, I was able to follow all the movements of his expression ; he tried to hide his delight, but it was too much for him, and became distinctly visible. He really might be pardoned for being unable to conceal it, for the moment was full of throbbing triumph for him. People round me called him hard names — “buffoon,” “circus-rider,” “charlatan,” “impostor,” — but, though the epithets were justified superficially, the personal side of all this swaggering almost disappeared for me, as I have already said, behind the wonderful management of its public effects. It was impossible not to blame the man ; it was equally impossible, according to my view, not to recognize that the pretender was doing well.

The scene lasted for five minutes, and then the president of the republic — who was utterly obliterated, and looked intensely sulky — took his place gloomily in his carriage. The general put the black horse at its side, and, under pretext of respectfully escorting M. Grévy, supplied the people with an opportunity of yelling, “Vive Boulanger ; c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut !” from Longchamp to the Elysée. Such frenzied bravos, such outcries of enthusiasm, had not been heard in Paris since the army came back from Italy in 1859.

As the procession started, some one near me exclaimed bitterly, “And that man is to be the master of France !”

About the origin of the black horse I was told five different stories—all, I presume, equally false, but of each of which, I was assured by the teller, that it alone was true. The first was that he was bought out of a circus in Roumania; the second, that a Paris dealer discovered him at a sale in Yorkshire; the third, that he was the charger of a very big lieutenant of cuirassiers, and was not up to the weight; the fourth, that he was a cast-off from a racing stable; the fifth, that he was the pick of the riding-master's horses in the cavalry school at Saumur. In each case it was added that he had been brought to Paris three months before, had been ridden regularly with troops, and had had his paces finished in one of the regimental *manéges* in Paris, where Boulanger had mounted him daily for the preceding fortnight, to get accustomed to him. I repeat these tales to show the curiosity that was felt about the horse; he was regarded for a time as a national institution, and a portion of the community felt proud of him.

A few days after the review I left Paris for some months, and did not see the general again until the winter, when I met him at the German Embassy. I thought him changed. He seemed grave; responsibility and struggle had begun to mark him. But, all the same, the double look of weakness and conceit was in his eyes, as evident as before. When I caught sight of him he was leaning against the piano, Count Münster towering over him as they chatted together; a thick ring of gazers was around them. The general put on, as usual, unconsciousness under the staring; but it was evident that he felt it, probably because, on that occasion, the starers were of a class to which he was not accustomed; many of them were, of course, of other nationalities. The curiosity about him had become almost more ardent than at first, in consequence of the still growing belief that he had a destiny before him; but amongst those whose business it was to watch him and to form a reasoned judgment on him, an increas-

ing minority was convinced that he was a bag of wind.

Of the political motives and processes of General Boulanger I say nothing. The gossip of Paris was full of them, and, like others, I heard a good deal—true or false—about them; but they, like the circumstances of his private life, lie outside the present subject. At the time it was, of course, impossible to separate the man from his political intentions and acts, for the good reason that he became what he was precisely because of the intentions and acts attributed to him. They enabled him to place himself obtrusively in front of every one else of his time in France, and yet nobody could explain why he got there, otherwise than because he thrust himself forward, and because, for the moment, nobody pulled him back. Never did self-assertion produce more abundant or more immediate effects. Each time I looked at him, during that winter, there came into my head the famous lines in the "Biglow Papers":—

In short, I firmly du believe  
In Humberg generally,  
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
To hev a solid vally.

In his case humbug had indeed a "solid vally." Humbug lifted him so near to personal power, that if he had had the pluck to snatch at it when it seemed ripe to his hand, he would, in all probability, have seized it. Whether he would have held it is a different matter.

But his humbug, enormous as it was, appeared to me to be unconscious; it guided him, I fancy, in everything; yet, according to my impression of him, he was unaware of it. Here is an example to explain my meaning. Talking one night of Napoleon, he said: "A great mind, yes; a great man, no. A soldier, a lawgiver, an administrator, in the very highest meanings of the terms; but nullified by impetuosity and vanity. No man can be truly great unless he knows when to stop." Thereon he glanced round, as if he expected one of the listeners to answer, "As you would, general." It



happened, however, that everybody remained silent. So he went on: "Alexander the Great stopped at the Hyphasis, and turned his back on India. It was for that act of prodigious self-control that posterity confirmed his epithet of Great, which it has not accorded to Napoleon. I tell you, gentlemen, real greatness consists in self-restraint." And he looked round again.

If he, of all men, could express such opinions, it was, I fully believe, because he honestly thought that they applied truthfully to himself. I never suspected him of being a wilful dissembler, for I never saw in him a sign of intentional deception. He was too blindly vain to be able to imagine that he needed to employ deception. He was intensely content to be what he was; was convinced that he was great; and did not conceive that he had to prove it. That is what I want to convey in saying that his humbug was unconscious. Others may have judged him otherwise, — I am only saying what I thought myself.

In the spring of 1887 I met him for the last time, at a gathering at the Spanish Embassy; and there three or four French ladies gathered round him, sat with him, and talked to him intimately. The rest kept off and disapproved; but it was a commencement, and the general was palpably pleased by the feminine attentions of which he was beginning to be the object. Flattery in a social form was supposed to be new to him, and to have, for that reason, all the more attraction for him. If only he had lasted long enough, a little court would, I doubt not, have formed itself around him, in hopes of what he might some day become.

But neither the flatterers nor the flattered were destined to continue their respective parts, for, in May, the Cabinet was upset, and the general, after sixteen months of office, had to give up the ministry of war. From that moment his official position in Paris was at an end, he ceased to be invited anywhere, and I had no more opportunities of meeting him, or even of looking

at him, excepting at the Chamber and in the street.

In July, 1887, he was appointed to the command of the 7th Corps at Clermont. The scene at the Gare de Lyon, on the night of his departure for his post (when, very possibly, he might, if he had dared, have made himself master of France); his indiscipline and disobedience; his condemnation to thirty days' arrest in his quarters; his deprivation of his command in 1888; his career as a deputy; the fierce opposition commenced against him; his flight; his exile; and his miserable death, — all lie outside my bounds. I limit myself to the little I personally saw of him. The rest is public history.

I add only a story from the *Figaro* about the arrest, as an example of the manner in which everything serves to make a *mot* in France. The railway trains stop at Clermont for five minutes, and passengers are informed of the halt by the usual cry of "Clermont, Clermont; cinq minutes d'arrêt!" The *Figaro* pretended, while the general was in confinement, that the guards and porters were so affected by his misfortune that, in their emotion, they shouted instinctively and unconsciously, "Clermont, Clermont; trente jours d'arrêt."

General Boulanger began explosively, and finished shatteredly; it may indeed be said of him that he was "hoist with his own petard." He knew how to dazzle a mob, but not how to win power. As my neighbor at the dinner when I first met him told me, he was essentially a *metteur en scène*, but when he had produced the *scène* his faculties were exhausted. He was aspiring and personally brave; but, as developments of his vanity, he was nervous, bad-tempered, mutinous, seditious, infirm of purpose, and without moral daring. He commenced so brilliantly and ended so deplorably that, out of pity for his fall, much may be forgiven him. I have the liveliest recollection of his faults (especially of those which I saw him commit); but I cannot help regretting his fate.

There was not in him the stuff that commands success ; but, nevertheless, he got, apparently, very close to success, for the reason that he gave superficial satisfaction to a need which is almost permanent amongst a portion of the French — the need of a leader. The events which have just occurred in Paris, like those which enabled General Boulanger to assume the position of a pretender, signify undeniably that there is no fundamental solidity in the political organization of the country, and that a "saviour" would be accepted to-day by many, and will perhaps be sought for to-morrow by many more. As, however, the probable rarely happens in France, no practical calculations about the future can be based on the circumstances which have just led to the resignation of M. Casimir Perier. But, without attempting to deduce any issues from those circumstances, there is no denying that the circumstances themselves exist, and that they seem to indicate the possibility of the very dangers which bring "saviours" to the front. No new pretender is in sight for the moment, but one may spring up to-morrow. If he should appear, it will be interesting to compare his doings with those of General Boulanger. To win the fight, he will have to be made of very different material.

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From Modern Art and Literature.  
FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WITH the advent of 1895 the newspapers gave us a retrospect of the previous year. It is interesting and instructive thus to review the world's history and progress annually ; but it may be even more interesting to look back to an epoch from which we are divided by half a century. Queen Victoria was then, as now, the sovereign of the realm ; but the Prince of Wales was in the nursery, and her Majesty was a young and happy wife. The sterling qualities of the prince consort had by this time won the appreciation of the English people. The Duke of

Wellington, who had seen the rise, and effected the downfall, of Napoleon, was a prominent personage in English politics ; and, fifty years ago this month, her Majesty, with Prince Albert, paid him a visit at Strathfieldsaye. There were still survivors of the battle of Trafalgar in Greenwich Hospital ; and the queen paid an unexpected visit to Nelson's flagship, the *Victoria*, on the 1844 anniversary of the battle. Mr. Gladstone, whom her Majesty has seen gradually rise to the foremost position as a statesman, and finally retire from the political arena in his old age, was then a promising aspirant to political advancement. Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli was about forty years of age, but had not achieved anything beyond the leadership of the few ardent spirits who were known as the Young England party. He was not regarded seriously as a force in politics. One commentator, whose dictum expressed the prevailing sentiment of the period, said of him, "His opinions are too peculiar, and have too much novelty ever to become those of a party." So much for prophecy.

The State trial of O'Connell, and other Repeaters, had not long ended when the year 1845 opened ; Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were vigorously keeping up the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and there were mutterings of discontent throughout the land. Speaking of O'Connell reminds us that, when he was entertained at a complimentary banquet in Covent Garden Theatre, the *Sun* newspaper of that epoch, containing seven columns of the speeches delivered on the occasion, was distributed before the guests quitted the theatre. This was considered a remarkable feat, though one which is common enough now. It shows, however, that newspaper enterprise is not so modern as modern journalists imagine. Railways were yet in their infancy, though rapidly superseding the old stage coaches ; and the South-Eastern line from London to Dover had only been opened less than a year previously. Steamers, however, were already plying to foreign parts, and

often coming to grief. The electric telegraph had just begun to be recognized as a means of communication. Strange to say, its effectiveness was first convincingly demonstrated in connection with the arrest of a suspected murderer. The suspected person had got into the London train at Slough, his description was signalled over the Great Western Company's wire, and arrest followed when London was reached. People then were all agape with astonishment over the marvel. The new Royal Exchange had recently been opened by the queen; and her Majesty, the same year, opened Parliament in person.

Dickens, fifty years ago, was in the zenith of his powers and popularity. Campbell, the poet, had recently died. It is just half a century since "The Chimes" was published and, two days after issue, a dramatized version was performed with Mr. Keeley in the part of Toby Beck. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were stars in the dramatic firmament in those days; and the latter, just about this time, assumed the management of the Lyceum. There was quite a galaxy of theatrical talent then, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Macready, Richard Younge, Madame Vestris, and Charles Matthews were all to the fore; and the death of Mrs. Siddons had only occurred a few months previously. The operatic stars included Salvi, Cerito, Mario, and Grisi; Fanny Ellsler exemplified the poetry of motion; the legitimate drama was said to be injuriously affected by the rivalry of the American dwarf Tom Thumb, whose departure from New York had been honored with an attendance of ten thousand persons. Those were the days when professional clowning tickled the groundlings. Hence the enormous crowd which turned out to see a clown from Astley's drive twenty-eight horses to Greenwich. A more ludicrous feat was achieved by another clown from the same establishment, who sailed in a tub, drawn by four geese, from Vauxhall Bridge to Westminster Bridge.

From Knowledge.

#### BACTERIA OF PHOSPHORESCENCE.

THAT the flesh of certain animals, especially marine fishes, could often exhibit the phenomenon of spontaneous light was noticed as long ago as the days of Aristotle, but it is only within the present generation that the true cause has been made known. In 1676, a Dr. Beale, of Yeavil, in Staffordshire, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society a curious instance of the kind, and mentioned as a possible explanation that the stars were exceedingly bright on that night, and the weather warm and gentle. A woman of that town had bought a neck of veal, which seemed perfectly good in every respect. On the following evening, about nine o'clock, the neck of veal "shined so brightly that it did put the woman into great affrightment." She roused her husband, and he, seeing whence the light proceeded, endeavored to extinguish it by beating the veal, and eventually plunging it below water; but in vain. At last he found he could extinguish the light by wiping the meat with a cloth. The next day the joint was cooked, and certain neighbors who had seen it giving light were invited to partake of it. All esteemed it as good as any they had eaten. Many similar cases of meat becoming phosphorescent are on record. In 1492 it was a frequent occurrence in Padua, and during the early years of last century it became so prevalent in Orleans that several butchers were almost ruined, since their customers considered such meat unfit for food, and much of it was thrown into the river. Coming to the present day, Nuesch describes how the whole of the meat in a butcher's shop became luminous in one night.

The first recorded experiments to determine the cause of such cases were made by Dr. Hulme in 1800, and from his results he was led to conclude: 1. That putrefaction was not the cause, for as decay advanced the light gradually decreased; moreover, in the case of phosphorescent meat there was no offensive smell. 2. That spontaneous

light was a constitutional principle of some bodies, incorporated with their whole substance just as any other principle, and that it was probably the first principle that escaped after the death of marine fishes. This plausible solution has since been displaced by the discovery that bacteria were invariably present in phosphorescent sea-water and on phosphorescent meat, and that directly or indirectly the light was due to their agency.

With regard to the conditions under which these various micro-organisms can produce light, it has been found that temperature has a good deal of influence. According to Ludwig, a piece of meat remained luminous as low as  $-14$  degrees. Heated gently in a tube over a water-bath it was still phosphorescent at thirty degrees, but at forty degrees had ceased to emit light. *Bacterium phosphorescens* thrives best between fifteen degrees and twenty-five degrees, but Tilanus and Förster proved that it could live below zero. When kept at thirty-five degrees for a few minutes its luminosity disappeared, but on cooling returned. If, however, it was kept at that temperature for fifteen minutes its power of producing light was permanently lost. As to the

manner in which the bacteria produce the light, there is still much research needed. As Hulme found in 1800 (and his observation has since been repeatedly confirmed), putrefaction does not assist phosphorescence. The light-producing bacteria are unable to do their work in a substance on which the putrefactive organisms are growing, and as soon as decay is fairly advanced the light altogether ceases.

The presence of oxygen appears to be an essential, for colonies will only give light on the surface of the culture medium, where they can have free contact with the atmospheric oxygen. This gas, however, is not essential for the life of the bacteria. They will grow in an atmosphere of hydrogen or carbonic acid gas, but under such conditions will not produce light. Apparently it is not necessary for the colonies to be grown in the light of the sun, for cultivations made in complete darkness have been found to emit light as readily as those grown in daylight. When it has been decided whether the bacteria are in themselves phosphorescent, or whether they are so only by virtue of their products, there will still remain the further problem of the nature of the phosphorescence itself.

In the *American Engineer* for January, Professor H. A. Hazen gives some of the results of a very interesting balloon ascent made in the Svea at Stockholm, by S. A. Andrée. The account is taken from the "Proceedings" of the Swedish Academy, vol. 20, part II., No. 3. The balloon travelled for one hundred and thirty-six miles east over the Baltic, the highest point reached being nine thousand nine hundred feet, and at the time of the ascent, Stockholm was nearly in the centre of a high barometric area; this fact, in connection with the position of the balloon over a wide expanse of water, adds great interest to the observations. The diminution of temperature with height, allowing for increasing heat during the day, was about one degree in two hundred and fifty feet, in the first four thousand feet, which is noteworthy, as the sea surface causes less

diminution with height. Above four thousand feet, clouds were encountered, and these changed the rate of diminution, while at the highest point, the result was one degree in four hundred feet. The most interesting feature is the great dryness of the air above seventy-five hundred feet; at six thousand feet the relative humidity was one hundred per cent., and at eighteen hundred feet higher it was only four per cent. Professor Hazen states that this is the most extraordinary fall in humidity ever observed, and it shows how little we really know of atmospheric conditions even at very low heights. The value of the results to be obtained by balloon ascents in determining the laws of storms is beyond doubt, and Professor Hazen strongly advocates that such researches should be undertaken.

Nature.

